

THE FORTNIGHTLY

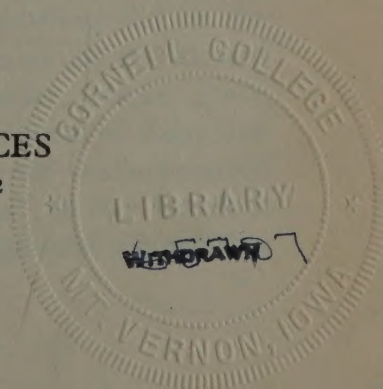
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JULY, 1935

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL CRISIS

BY D. W. BROGAN

EVER since the first days of the New Deal, Americans have looked with fear or hope to the possible action of the Supreme Court of the United States, guardian by potent tradition of the constitution and of the rights of states and individuals under that instrument. The bold invasions of private rights or private privileges made by the Roosevelt administration; the denial of the secular right of the American business man to do what he liked with his own and the apparent collapse of the barriers erected by fundamental law against federal aggression on the reserved rights of the sovereign states alarmed the conservative or rejoiced the radical. And all the time, the Supreme Court lay low and said nothing—or nothing of comfort to the constitutional purists and nothing of menace to the experimentalists, in and out of the administration. The rebuilding of America on modernist lines seemed likely to go forward with no opposition from the custodians of the old standards of constitutional architecture. The Epsteins and Spencers were allowed a free hand with chisel and brush, and the old guard looked in vain for rebuke or effective veto to the body which had in the past frowned on the mildest efforts in constitutional impressionism.

It seemed, indeed, that the constitution of the United States had hidden hitherto unsuspected possibilities of elasticity, or that its limitations could be got round by ingenious drafting and by the willingness of the majority of the nine Justices to use the blessed word “emergency” as a Mesopotamia under whose shade federal authority could be extended over all aspects of American life—and that authority be transferred, despite the separation of powers and ingenious “checks and balances”, to the President to use more or less as he willed. With the general commission

that he take care that no ill befall the commonwealth, Mr. Roosevelt was enabled to exercise authority which led some rash commentators to compare him to Mussolini, and more sober students to reflect how slight, by comparison, was the authority of Woodrow Wilson at the greatest moment of his power.

Now, at last, the oracle has spoken with an astonishing absence of oracular vagueness and a still more astonishing absence of that division of mind which, in ancient Greece and modern America, shook the authority of the most respected shrines. As far as legal decision can do it, a great part of the New Deal has been slain and the unique American doctrine of "judicial review", of the control of legislation by the courts has been exercised on a scale and with a boldness which has no parallel since the Dred Scott decision helped to make inevitable the American Civil War.

One of the chief impediments to the mutual understanding of their respective political and social problems that afflict the British and American peoples is just this doctrine of judicial review. The difference of historical tradition is nowhere more dramatically illustrated than in the theory and practice of this remarkable American contribution to political science. Confronted by the theory, and still more by the practice, the Englishman, like the rural visitor to the Zoo on seeing the giraffe, is inclined to say: "I don't believe it". What to most Americans is an admirable, and to all Americans a familiar, feature of the institutional background is, to any one brought up in the English political tradition, a monstrosity.

Look at the situation created by the Supreme Court's recent decisions. With practically unanimous approval, Congress enacted, by overwhelming majorities, measures designed to save the country in a crisis whose reality the Court has abundantly recognized. In the recent congressional elections, the verdict of the voters was, if not for more doses of the same medicine, at least for more medicine from the national drug-store and from the same dispenser. Mr. Roosevelt's "doctor's mandate" was renewed—and the General Medical Council, to carry on the metaphor, has decided that the drugs prescribed are not to be found in the national pharmacopœia, and that in any case, for many of the purposes that power was given to the President,

he is no more than an osteopath. The drugs have, it is true, been swallowed ; minor and indeed major operations have been performed, and as far as emetics and induced fractures can do the job, the patient has been put back in his old state. It is at first sight an attitude worthy of Molière's doctors, and many Americans must today be wondering how the nation would have survived the crisis of 1933 had the meaning of the constitution and the limitations that it imposes on the national government been as well understood as they now are. Would the patient have died with the comforting consciousness that the strictest limits of constitutional medicine had been observed—or would the patient have lost faith in orthodox medicine ?

In the surprise, not to say panic, which must have struck millions of Americans since the Supreme Court handed down its decisions, injustice towards that tribunal was and will remain inevitable. To the layman it may well seem that the court has strained, if not at a gnat, at any rate at a camel no larger than many which it has swallowed with every appearance of appetite. Distrust of the court, contempt for its doctrines, has long been a mark of the American radical, even of the American liberal. That much that had been done under the New Deal was sure to be condemned by some of the Judges was a commonplace of American conversation. The opinions of Justices Sutherland, Butler, Van Devanter, and McReynolds were discounted in advance, and it was not their views, but the suggestion that Justice Roberts was abandoning the " liberal " side and thus giving the majority to the reactionaries, which alarmed the friends of the Administration and led to talk of packing the Court—and to hopeful speculation on the age of some of the reactionary old guard.

But all such speculations have been pointless ; the liberal block has been dissolved and the unanimity of condemnation has taken away the last opportunity of dodging the fundamental issue. Not merely the obscurantists, not merely Justice Roberts, not merely Justice Stone and Chief Justice Hughes, but the ally and the successor of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Justice Brandeis and Justice Cardozo, have concurred in putting up on the constitutional road a final " No Thoroughfare ". The problem of the compatibility of the constitution and of the court with the

new needs of America has been posed with no possibility of evasion. The President has put the problem in a nutshell: is America to continue to use the political and legal machinery of the "horse and buggy" era in an age of streamlined cars and aeroplanes? Can the United States afford to bind herself to act in even formal accord with the ambiguous and brief document adopted as a constitution almost one hundred and fifty years ago, when a journey from Maine to Georgia took weeks and where the forest clearing, which was the site of Washington, was in the geographical centre of the country instead of being at one extreme corner of it? Can a world of technicians, of engineers, of scientists, with its ideas being profoundly modified from day to day by the experience of a most mutable age, be forced to limit change to those aspects of life for which a group of elderly lawyers can find justification in a document as far divorced in spirit from the modern world as the scythe and its user is from the machine-tender of the Ford assembly line? It is unlikely, yet the Supreme Court has refused the easy compromising way; it has put before the American people the dilemma of changing its life or bracing itself to the arduous and unpleasant task of re-making its political institutions.

One of the fundamental questions that the American people will have to ask and answer concerns the place of the Supreme Court itself. Assuming for the moment that the constitution is amended to give to the federal government the powers denied it by the recent decisions, is the United States to submit the interpretation of the new powers to the lawyers? Is legislation and administration still to be conducted under the sword of Damocles of invalidation by any five of the nine justices of the Supreme Court?

There seems at first sight an inherent plausibility in the American theory and practice. The federal government is, in theory, a government of delegated and enumerated powers. If Congress is to be sole judge of its own limits, if unconstitutional action is to bring no retribution but an uneasy conscience and the possibility of public repudiation of the authors of the usurpation at the next election, the independence and "sovereignty" of the states will be secured by what most Americans will think poor guarantees. If the powers reserved to the states are to be

exercised by them with complete immunity from outside criticism, the strain on the national life might well lead to a formal centralization of authority and the effective destruction of states' rights. Since, in theory, the question resolves itself into the interpretation of a document declaring itself to be the "supreme law of the land", what can be more natural than to let the lawyers, trained to discuss these matters, thrash out the questions involved before a tribunal whose honesty, impartiality, and ability are as high as those of any court in the world? If this picture had more than formal resemblance of the truth, the criticism of rule by lawyers in the guise of the rule of law would not be so intense, nor would the United States find itself in the awkward position it is in today.

Whatever may have been the case a century ago when John Marshall was building up the corpus of American constitutional law, nearly all of the arguments for judicial review involve so high a proportion of fiction to fact as to make acceptance of the common arguments difficult. In the first place, much of the action of the court is not involved in any of the difficulties of federalism. Protecting private rights against both the state and the union, however desirable, neither helps nor hinders the due distribution of power between the two partners. Many of the most debated decisions of the Court have prohibited the doing by a state what no one doubted could only be done, if at all, by the states. Other decisions have denied to the Union powers which no one thought could be exercised by the states. Both classes of decisions have combined to create a "twilight zone" of powers which neither a state nor the federal government can exercise—and which are freely exercised by every other government in the civilized world. An effective child labour law, for instance, may involve the collaboration of the federal government in protecting Massachusetts against the dumping of the products of child labour from another state. Without such collaboration the sovereign and undisputed rights of Massachusetts are barren—and such collaboration is denied by two highly disputable Supreme Court decisions.

The truth here is, of course, that the sovereign rights of the individual and of the states are largely obsolete fictions. We no longer believe that a miserably poor man making a wage con-

tract with a rich man is really "free" and that any attempt of the state to interfere with such a contract is a denial of liberty. Yet this fiction has been upheld by the Supreme Court, and even if the minds of the justices move away from their traditional bias, they move slowly—and sometimes backwards as well as forwards. A whole corpus of social legislation may owe survival to the death of some veteran partisan of *laissez faire*—or may die, after years of life, when the tone of the court is altered by the nomination of a Justice Sutherland by a Warren Harding.

If the freedom of the private citizen is often a fiction, still more is the "sovereignty" of the states. What the economic geographers call the "urban aggregate" of New York is located in three states. If Connecticut and New Jersey chose, they could make the life of New York City intolerable, despite the sovereign power of the State of New York. The Holland Tunnels which bind Manhattan to the Jersey shore are a fact that mocks at states' rights. Conceive Southwark in a different state from Westminster, with no legislative power anywhere to cover all the complications of conflicting laws! Of course, there are ways round and under the legal barriers, and the ingenuity of American statesmen in finding such ways round and under is, in its way, as masterly a display of the appropriate technique as the Holland Tunnels or the George Washington Bridge. But the ingenuity might be devoted to better causes, and the necessity for such ingenuity is felt by some observers to be a highly expensive luxury for the United States. It breeds, for instance, the habit of looking at legislation not from the point of view of the statesman, but of the attorney, strengthening his pleadings against the formal objections of his opponent, content to win an acquittal on a technical flaw in the indictment, preparing to counter and perhaps to practice all kinds of legal body-line bowling. A law desired by the overwhelming majority of the people of the nation or of a state may be invalidated on grounds that have very little to do with its intrinsic merits. A law passed in a moment of panic, under pressure from an energetic lobby, which outrages all decent sentiment, may be perfectly constitutional and so held by the courts. It is natural, inevitable, and disastrous that many Americans should think of statutes invalidated by the Courts as not merely "unconstitutional" but bad, and easily rest content with laws

whose folly or meanness is covered by a certificate of constitutional legitimacy. Important issues of public policy are befogged by legal issues, and if political discussion in America often strikes the European observer as superficial, the fault is in part due to the legalism imposed on politicians by the constitutional system. Sir Henry Maine attributed the barrenness of late Latin literature to the diversion of the most powerful minds to the study of law. So it may be in America, and men of great ability and public spirit be forced to give up to glossing the many and contradictory decisions of what constitutes "due process of law", talents meant for mankind.

So far one fundamental premiss of the system has been taken for granted. The predominantly legal character of the questions involved has been assumed. But "law" in the American constitutional system has a very wide sense indeed. When John Marshall declared that he had to construe the Constitution to determine the validity of action under the Judiciary Act, he may have been reasoning loosely, and he may have been usurping authority (I do not think he was), but he was dealing with legal matters in legal terms. But his successors have been far less modest. Under legal disguises more and more transparent they have assumed a power of deciding, not whether a statute was valid or not, given the division of powers under the federal system, but whether it was "reasonable" or "just". That the Supreme Court does decide political questions; that it overrules the decision of Congress and of state legislatures on general grounds of public policy, is admitted by all but a dwindling handful of lawyers and political scientists.

In one of the most disputed decisions of the Court in recent years, the invalidation of congressional legislation setting up a minimum wage board for the District of Columbia, Justice Sutherland made a gallant attempt to defend the doctrine that the majority decision was not "the exercise of a substantive power to review and nullify acts of Congress, for no such substantive power exists", but the arguments he was forced to use in the majority opinion, his evasion of a damaging precedent by arguing that legislation had progressively wiped out the differences between the sexes, were far indeed from being mere legal considerations such as an English court might bring to a con-

sideration of *ultra vires*. Chief Justice Taft was not to be taken in. "It is not the function of this Court to hold congressional acts invalid simply because they are passed to carry out economic views which the Court believes to be unwise or unsound." But the majority of the Court, without admitting the Chief Justice's description of what they were doing, disregarded his warning, and the *Adkins* case was added to the long list of holes in the garments which hide the real nature of judicial review from the public gaze. Indeed, so numerous are those holes now that the doctrine is reduced to the state of the young girl from Australia who went to a dance as a dahlia. The more prudent defenders of judicial review are willing to defend it in its naked form and to rely on the Supreme Court to act as a third chamber to check legislation.

There are two objections to judicial review as a check on "rash" and "unreasonable" legislation. One is that the power assumed is usurped, that whatever else the constitution means it does not mean to subject undoubted powers of Congress (over taxation, for instance) to judicial veto on the ground that the Supreme Court knows that Congress is using the power for ends not normally intended in its grant. To pry into congressional motives is no business of the court. "Covert legislation" may be wrong: it is at best a painful necessity, but the Court has swallowed a great deal of it in the past, and in deciding when to pry and when to shut its eyes and take what Congress sends it, the Court is decisively influenced, whether it knows it or not, by the relative importance it attaches to the rights infringed by the limitation of child labour and of illicit sexual intercourse or drug-taking. The national policy in such matters is for the representatives of the nation, not for the Judges, to decide.

But more practically important than the question of usurpation is the question of the fitness of the lawyer to decide, not how law shall be enforced, but what law shall be made. The bias of the lawyer is towards a contractual society. Even if he were disposed to be as learned in the relevant social sciences as he is in the law, the average lawyer and the average judge would bring to the discussion of legislation a bias as powerful as it is concealed. When the late Justice Holmes pointed out to his colleagues in the most famous of his dissents that "the Fourteenth Amend-

ment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Social Statics*", he was not merely denying an implicit premiss of the majority opinion ; he was making it explicit ; he was educating the Court by reminding it that more went and must go to the making of their decisions than mere "law". But even when the judge has been so educated, he may still cling to Herbert Spencer with passionate conviction; he may be unable to conceive any "reasonable man" not being a Spencerian.

That there is a general judicial temperament, moulding the whole mind of a judge, is a doctrine for which I see no evidence. The scientist who is painfully scrupulous in his own field may be as credulous in other matters as the most superstitious peasant. The judge who can wield the scales of the law with the most admirable impartiality and dexterity, may be another Colonel Blimp when his turn comes to deal with matters too delicate or too gross for his professional scales. The lives of great English judges are proof enough of this, and American judges are not exempt from the mental ills the flesh is heir to.

But even if we admit that lawyers are no worse legislators or scrutinizers of legislation than laymen of comparable ability and integrity (and the sceptical attitude of the House of Commons to lawyer-politicians is of interest), there is no evidence that they are any better. What justification is there for entrusting the last word on great national issues to men who will be elderly, and who will often be out of touch with great sections of public opinion and public needs ? They will, at best, bring painfully to bear the same kind of industry and judgment that is the equipment of any competent legislator. If to this it be replied that the American legislator and administrator is so incompetent, or dishonest, or both, that some outside check is needed, the argument proves too much, as it destroys the basis of the constitution itself. A people that cannot choose competent rulers or, having chosen incompetent ones, get rid of them, cannot be guaranteed either a "republican form of government" or "due process of law". What it needs is a dictator or a League of Nations' mandate !

But, in any case, the Court cannot protect the country from some of the worst follies. It cannot control the spending power which may bankrupt the nation or the war-making power which

may ruin it and the world. These have to be left in the hands of the politicians who cannot be trusted to decide how many hours a woman or a child should work in a factory, or the proper limits of a workmen's compensation law. If American legislators had the final choice on such matters, is it not possible that they would display more sobriety and discretion? As it is, their action is but pious opinion until the Court has ruled on the constitutional validity of the course of action involved.

The recent decisions of the Supreme Court are not to be regretted if they force fundamental thought about their constitution on the American people. It is even to be rejoiced in that the Court has been unanimous. A series of narrow majorities would not only make the pretence that the Court always gives Congress the benefit of every possible doubt highly implausible, but would encourage schemes for packing the Court, for waiting for Nature and the President to overturn the majority. The unanimity of the Court raises the whole question to its proper level. It may be assumed that if no judge of the nine could find reasons for upholding the intra-state aspects of N.R.A., or the blanket delegation of powers to the President, no such reasons exist which are compatible with the letter and the spirit of the Constitution. That is to say, many things which the American people want done cannot be done under the present system. The dilemma is fairly posed. Is the attempt to regulate the economic life of the country on national lines to be abandoned and the meagre resources of co-operation between the states and the federal government fallen back upon?

There are many thousands of intelligent and cool-headed Americans who, shedding no tears over the quick killing of the moribund N.R.A., are yet convinced that the twilight zone of marginal power between state and union must be illuminated—and that means some amendment of the constitution limiting states' rights. There are many more of Justice Holmes's opinion that while the Supreme Court may be needed to control state legislation, federal action could be exempted from the more extreme forms of judicial review without any danger to substantial justice. Others will see in the refusal of the Court to sanction the transference (with its own consent) of many of the powers of Congress to the President, the opportunity to raise the question

of the relations between the executive and legislative. For the surrender of its powers by Congress was popular with a public accustomed to think ill of that body—and conscious that the indispensable attribute of democratic government responsibility, as far as it had a home in the constitution, dwelt in the White House and not in the Capitol.

The nationalizing of the federal government was largely the work of the Supreme Court. Whether that task could have been performed as well or at all by Congress is a highly debatable question. As a result, the American people has been accustomed to look for at least a negative lead to the Court. On this occasion it has not looked in vain. Given the existence of judicial review, the grave decisions of last month are less open to criticism than most of the constitutional decisions of the Court. It can have been no easy task for the judges, for a man who has played a great part in active politics like Chief Justice Hughes, for a jurist who has fought for the right of legislators to make their own mistakes like Justice Brandeis, to negative so completely a great national effort. The political dangers not merely to the court but to the nation must have been evident. There was, we may be sure, none of the "Damn the consequences" spirit of the rejection of the Budget by the House of Lords. In the most debated of all Supreme Court decisions, the Dred Scott case, Justice Wayne declared that the majority opinion was designed "to settle by judicial decision the peace and harmony of the country". Those hopes were frustrated; the decision was a firebrand. There can have been no such hopes in the minds of the Court on this occasion, yet the results may be good if they force a thorough reconsideration of some fundamental problems of American government on the American people—and high among them a consideration of the place of that great Court which has been the conscience of the American government, doomed, alas, to exercise that role too often in the spirit of a casuist rather than of a moralist. In these last decisions there is at least no mere casuistry, but the challenge to a great debate. How that challenge will be answered it is still too early even to guess.

ARRESTING THE "RIBBON"

BY HOWARD A. GRAY

THE innocent word "ribbon" has suddenly become almost the most sinister of our current metaphors. "Ribbon development" is something that many practise, but none is bold enough to defend. There may be differing views upon the best steps for its suppression, but, on the principle of the matter, the only question of debate is how far public good should be sacrificed to the vested interests of private gain.

The controversy brings accusing memories of a paper contributed to the *FORTNIGHTLY* by Captain Swinton more than a quarter of a century ago, in which it was observed that the motor-car was bringing about "the rediscovery of the back-lands of these islands"; that the recovery of the road implied a new diffusion of economic activity; and that such activity would need central guidance and organization. It predicted the day when "a national wayleave through England not less than two hundred yards wide would be of incalculable worth", both as a channel for the new traction and as a means of controlling, in the national interest, the impending changes in land values and their inevitable reactions. There are some singular touches of correspondence between the forecast and the situation of ripened hugger-mugger with which we are now grappling.

The immediate problem has arisen out of that demand for greater air space which is expanding the area of all cities. When a start was made with the arrears of house-building accumulated in the War, the outskirts of towns were the field most plainly marked by popular taste and general suitability. The convenience of domestic labour in large servantless strata of society told in the same direction. Every woman who has to do her own house-work is ready to exchange an old house for a "modern" one, and it is cheaper to build on suburban sites where there are no standing structures first to be cleared away. Still cheaper is it

if land can be obtained alongside an existing highway which is already "made up", so that there are no roadway charges impending against the houseowner on the day when it shall be "taken over" by the local authority. The land-jobber has a quick professional eye for such advantages, and as soon as the pressure of housing expansion set in, he made haste to secure as much "frontage" as possible either upon old roads still unfilled or along the new by-passes provided for the carriage of multiplied motor traffic from the resources of the Road Fund.

The result is seen in the strings of incipient "mean streets" that stretch themselves in depressing monotony along most of the main exits from London and from other cities. It makes a deadening fringe for the road, even while the "ribbon" is still fresh and clean—though the uniformity of the line of small dwellings is decidedly more bearable than the splash of conventional display that proclaims at intervals a "shopping centre". The standardized pattern of suburban shop is the lowest level that we have yet touched in architectural banality.

But it is not difficult to foresee what kind of spectacle these fruits of mass-production will offer after half a generation of wear and tear. They are built for a prompt sale, and not for endurance. The purchasers, who have had to buy in a market where demand exceeded supply, are often ill-equipped, financially and otherwise, for the responsibilities of maintenance. The general run of this property is marked by all the conditions for steady dilapidation and for an increasingly convincing witness that "the Devil made the suburbs".

But it is not necessary to meet such trouble half-way. The present evil is sufficiently serious, and it is not confined to the amenities. The most puzzling feature of the matter to some minds must be the apparent contentment of the residents of these ribbon-rows with their own situation. Upon some of the main by-passes the traffic is interminable by day, and, one would imagine, still more intolerable for its intermittent din during the night watches. But the typical townsman is so habituated to noise as to be perhaps a little uneasy in its absence. He has a more cheerful sense of being close to the hub of life, with lorries and sports cars roaring past his door, than if he were tucked away in a village or garden city with no more overbearing sound

than the bird-notes or the murmur of the evening breeze. The "ribbon", at any rate, finds its occupants as fast as it is unrolled, and it is not from among them that the demand for its restriction arises.

What has forced the hands of Government and produced the legislation now before Parliament is the growing sense of natural beauty and the perception of how it is ruined by a squalid prolongation of urban antennæ. Auxiliary to this is the disclosure of the heavy contribution made by these corridors to the aggregate of traffic slaughter and mutilation, of which we shall speak presently. The impulse of "town-sickness", sending the motorist on his wheels and the hiker on his feet to refresh his eyes with the loveliness of rural England, is one of the most hopeful features of the age. It shows an instinctive revulsion from machine-made and hackneyed pleasures and a spontaneous craving for the wholesome satisfactions of Mother Earth. Like all new tastes, it is occasionally blind and undisciplined in its exercise. A happy day in the country still too often leaves its disfiguring trail of litter and of petty and thoughtless mischief. But motorist, cyclist, and pedestrian are all by degrees acquiring a more intelligent respect for the source of their pleasure, and among all grades of what may be called the week-end classes it is realized that the ribbon-road pursues them with everything that they seek the country to forget. Along certain highways one must travel nearly twenty miles from London before it is possible to feel that the "town" has really been left behind. The tawdry and the commonplace, the newspaper poster and the estate agent's placard, seem inescapable, and make the fugitive "drag at each remove a lengthening chain". There are green fields and woodlands beyond the builder's lines, but their impression is ruined by the shabby foreground. An ill-placed gash of brick-and-mortar can destroy the spiritual unity of a whole landscape. The "ribbon" is not only ugly in itself, but nullifies the charm of its surroundings. Its actual population could be housed and catered for in a compact community not far from the main road, where it would offer no challenge to the associations of meadow and downland, and where it could be furnished with all the communications needful to its livelihood. Merely because the speculator has seen a bargain, he has been

allowed to spoil the aspect of the most beautifully balanced countryside in the world.

But if there are minds—as there doubtless are—to which such considerations make no appeal, their owners can hardly remain indifferent to what the "ribbon" does in another connection. The motor-car is king of the highway today, and a smooth course for its fast passage is obviously a national interest. Our inherited roads, with their varying width and other irregularities, are ill-adapted for its accommodation, and new channels have been cut for it at great expense in the neighbourhood of large cities. But, whether on new roads or old, ribbon-building is the most direct possible means of thwarting the objects of construction and improvement. A row of houses or shops implies a constant clutter of service vehicles, stationary or slow-moving, on both sides of the road—milk-carts, delivery vans, private or business cars and cycles. Along such a "built-up area" the through traffic has constantly to negotiate such local impediments, and must always be ready to avoid them, so that the purpose for which the by-passes were made or the old turnpikes modified is in its essence defeated. Much of the expenditure from the Road Fund is thrown away—into the pocket of the land-jobber. And such a confusion of fast, slow, and stationary vehicles provides the ideal conditions for misleading the pedestrian who wishes to cross and for tempting the impulsive child to destruction.

Of the seven thousand violent deaths per annum upon the road, a large proportion occur upon these stretches which are neither town nor country—where the inhibitions of a really dense traffic are left behind and the undisciplined eagerness of drivers to let themselves go chafes at a circumspect look-out for obstacles and interruptions. Whether even a thirty-mile speed-limit is not too liberal in such quarters remains to be seen. What is very certain is that the death-traps so constituted must no longer be multiplied for the builder's profit and convenience.

It is much more than a year since all intelligent opinion became agreed that ribbon-building was an evil without redeeming features; that the motive of cupidity made its extension rapid and certain unless promptly arrested; and that His Majesty's Ministers had no plainer or more urgent duty than to put a stop to it. Motorists had a peculiarly direct interest in ending the

frustration of their by-passes, and if there was any section of public opinion untouched by the soiling of England's beauty, it was stirred at any rate by the scandal of the road death-roll. Rarely has there been a question on which the consensus was so complete. Everybody was ready for action—except the Government and its advisers.

There is nothing to be gained by dwelling on the singularly unfortunate figure cut by the latter in their handling of the subject, or on the maladroitness of their language. The King's Speech promised a Bill "if time permits"—a plain hint to the speculator that he must hurry up if he was to profit from public mischief before the guardians of public welfare interfered. Month rolled after month, with nothing but an exasperating asseveration of good intentions. It would not have been difficult to carry an immediate "standstill" measure to prevent further encroachments while a permanent policy was being devised. Its administrative inconvenience would have been nothing compared with the similar stoppage imposed at short notice on the working of the Public Assistance scheme. What hidden drama of official cross-purposes had to be screened by a façade of political inconsequence it would be profitless to surmise. But what is utterly perplexing is the apparent disregard of the time factor that attached itself to the Ministerial proposals even when they were disclosed. The foul ribbon uncoils itself all the time that our rulers deliberate or Parliamentary discussion drags along. Its manipulators have had more than fair warning of their situation as public enemies. They would have had no ground for complaint if the Bill's safeguards had been made valid from the date of its introduction instead of from that of its becoming law.

The measure, when it saw the light, bore, to the surprise of some, the *imprimatur*, not of the Ministry of Health, but of the Ministry of Transport. That has doubtless had the effect of limiting its scope, but on the other hand it offered welcome assurance that the hand which had been put to the plough would not be turned aside. The Department that controls public traffic has shown a different mien since Mr. Hore-Belisha went there. He is the first politician to realize the road holocaust for the horror that it is, and to show a determination to alter its

dimensions. He understands that, in face of such a new problem, policy must show a tireless empiricism, and that, the moment one remedy has proved ineffectual, another must be tried. It is peculiarly important to have a mind of such qualities identified with the Restriction of Ribbon Development Bill, for none can tell with what degree of completeness its methods will attain its ends, and any proved gaps in its provisions ought to be promptly made good. Mr. Hore-Belisha will not rest content with the working of a cripple statute in so far as the responsibilities of his own Department are affected.

Sponsored as it is, the Bill naturally tackles the "ribbon" problem mainly from the standpoint of traffic and safety rather than from that of the landscape's harmony. Its first objective is to keep the way open for the accommodation of an ever-growing stream of motor-vehicles and to prevent its being further hemmed in by roadside building. If the country is to have the full benefit of fast traction, the course must be kept for it. It must not be forced into a narrow bed, or compelled to pick its way at every turning through the domestic economy of a populous roadside. Past negligence has imposed handicaps of this kind that cannot now find relief in our generation, but we can at least prevent wanton addition to them. It is too late to restrict the commerce of main roads like that of railways, but a stop can be put to fresh tributaries of minor locomotion.

In the case of "classified" roads—of which there are 44,000 miles—the local authority is to fix a standard width (with a maximum of 160 feet), within which there shall be an absolute veto upon fresh building. This provision will come into force as soon as the Bill is passed, and if the authority shows weakness of judgment in the matter, the Ministry of Transport itself has the power to intervene. The Government spokesman in the House of Lords disclaimed any intention of "laying down extravagant and inappropriate widths on an arbitrary scale", but the liability to error lies, it must be said, in the opposite direction. The service required of our roads is increasing daily; the car census rises by the hundred thousand even in times of depression, and a revival of prosperity would bring far greater augmentations. It is useless to guess at what the next ten or twenty years will see, but the probability is that many

reasonable avenues as they appear today will be sheer bottle-necks by then, and there is greater danger of setting aside too little road-space than too much. The Ministry will confer a saving of money and trouble on posterity by an unflinching championship of the long view.

When a broad road has been secured (and there is provision for seeing that important side-roads are not prematurely choked by the builder), the next thing is to exclude from it, as far as possible, all but "express" traffic. This is done by the sterilizing of a wider strip—220 feet from the middle of the road in each direction. Without the consent of the local authority, it will be illegal to open any fresh "access" upon the road or to erect any building within the prescribed distance. This—providing the measure is faithfully administered—should put a definite stop to the "ribbon" mischief upon what we may call its utility sides, though, from an æsthetic standpoint, it may only be transferred from the neck of the road to its shoulders. The vital question is how far the local authorities can be depended on to absorb the spirit of the Bill and to refrain from consents that are at variance with its objects. We are familiar with the excellent example of the Surrey County Council, whose private Act has supplied the model for some parts of the present legislation. On the other hand, there is an evil tale of how the Oxford City Council frustrated the purpose of the local by-pass by proceeding to sell building frontage upon it. The bigger the authority, probably, the safer it is to be entrusted with this responsibility. And, at the worst, the Minister is empowered to supersede any delinquent minor body in favour of the County Council.

These provisions, together with the further power to acquire adjacent land within a furlong from the centre of the road, might be hailed as a valuable gain for the amenities, but for one thing. In its enforcement of "standard width" the local authority is to have assistance from the Road Fund towards the compensation of property-owners, but when it comes to the application of the wider "amenity line", it must foot the bill out of its own resources. Now that the measure has passed from the House of Lords to the House of Commons, there may be some sharp discussion upon the general question of vested rights in public wrongs. The grounds of compensation, it is true, are carefully

restricted. There is to be no recognition of building values that are merely latent, and not presently marketable. But the outlay is bound to be onerous if, in handling the "sterilized" area, an honest regard is paid, as the Bill prescribes, to "the need for preserving the amenities of the locality and for securing proper development". The local authority must often find its ideals and its finances in acute rivalry. Its consent to any particular building project is not to be "unreasonably withheld or made subject to unreasonable conditions". Will it not be tempted to see "reason" more readily by consideration of the cost of a refusal? The measure, moreover, is loaded in favour of the property-owner and against the friends of amenity. If consent is refused, the former may appeal to the Minister of Transport. But if it is unwarrantably given, the public opinion of a district, however strong and unanimous, has no access to the same tribunal. The most conscientious of County Councils may not be in close touch with every corner of its area, and such bodies share the human liability to error. The Minister of Transport should have the same opportunity of correcting complaisance as of overcoming obstinacy. Lord Rockley's rejected amendment to this effect ought to be revived in "another place". There is ample precedent for it in the hearing accorded to local opinion upon proposed variations of town planning schemes.

While the Bill, in the shape in which it left the Upper House, will undoubtedly prevent "ribbon-building" from going further as an impediment to traffic and as a menace to human life, it remains extremely uncertain how far it will serve to check the spoiling of the countryside. As a backwoodsman Peer most admirably expressed it in his native wood-notes wild, "preservation of the amenities means whatever the person interpreting it likes to put upon them". The local authorities are explicitly directed to "have regard" to those entities, but they will be acutely conscious that the vigilance is to be exerted wholly at their own expense. Where finance is not too elastic and the fear of the ratepayer is potent, the inducement to create a fresh rateable value by consent may be a formidable counterweight to æsthetic scruple. It is not possible to raise the issue by direct amendment, since proposals authorizing expenditure are the prerogative of His Majesty's Ministers. But if the Government

agree with their spokesman in the House of Lords that "it is clearly undesirable, unpleasant, and obnoxious that the appearance of our highways, and the beauty of the country which surrounds them, should be impaired and very often entirely ruined", it seems scarcely consistent to thrust upon localities the whole cost of averting the disaster. It is a national, rather than a local, interest that is at stake. The enjoyment of beauty is a geographically reciprocal affair. It is the townsman who finds the most acute pleasure in scenery, as it is the countryman who revels most deeply in the wonders of London. The imaginations most powerfully kindled by the Lake District are not those of the denizens of that neighbourhood. And this truth never counted for more than today, when motor travel helps everyone to realise his share in the inheritance of English landscape. It is neither fair nor wise to make the protection of amenities entirely a local responsibility, because the local valuation will always be an under-valuation. Kent and Devon are more to the visitor than they are to the Kentishman or the Devonian. It is only in the national consciousness that a true assessment of beauty and its importance can be made, and national trusteeship should be practically, as well as morally, enlisted in its preservation.

The sense of urgency to arrest the grosser evils of the case is so strong that there will be a general disposition to accept the Bill as a workable measure within its own scope and hurry it through rather than spend time on bringing its safeguards nearer to perfection. The less time that is allowed for the concoction of colourable "development schemes", the less heavily clouded with compensation claims will be the atmosphere in which the local authorities enter upon their new field of policy. But its passage will be only an inauguration of the struggle with vandalism. One of its chief benefits will be in helping to define the issues of that contest through the experience of practical administration in all parts of the country.

THE COMING CANADIAN ELECTION

BY J. A. STEVENSON

SOME time before the snow falls this year there will be a General Election in Canada and the voters will have an opportunity of delivering their verdict upon the policies and performances of the Conservative Ministry headed by Mr. R. B. Bennett.

At the last General Election held in July, 1930, it secured a very substantial majority and was given a mandate for the policy of high protection, which its leader advocated as the best available cure for the serious unemployment then visible. To its credit the Bennett Ministry lost no time in giving effect to the pledges of its election platform, and within a year of assuming office it had raised the scale of Canadian tariff duties to the highest level in history. Inevitably a number of industries derived great benefit from the additional protection afforded them and were able to capture a larger share of the domestic market ; but there were adverse repercussions through tariff reprisals initiated by foreign countries and, to the dismay of Ministers, unemployment, instead of abating, increased until at the nadir of the depression there were nearly one and a half million people, or one seventh of the total population of the Dominion, on some kind or another of public relief. Under such circumstances there soon developed evidence of a steady erosion of the popular support which had brought the Conservatives to power in 1930 ; and in 1933 and 1934, a series of Federal by-elections and Provincial elections revealed that Conservatism had fallen into popular disrepute, and that the tide of public sentiment was swinging round in favour of the Liberal policies.

By the end of 1934 it was obvious that the fortunes of the Conservative party were in a parlous condition, and that only a remarkable revival of prosperity which would justify their policies, or some new and attractive programme, would regain the good-

will of the voters and give the party a reasonable prospect of a new mandate at the General Election. Now it happens that Mr. Bennett is not only a very forceful and dominating character, but is also an orthodox Conservative. Rated a multi-millionaire, his great wealth has given him a personal independence which few prominent Canadian politicians have ever enjoyed, and the record of his career shows that he has never hesitated to disregard party shibboleths and traditions and blaze new trails when the necessities of a situation seemed to demand it.

He made up his mind, therefore, that the time had come for bold courses and, before the New Year was two days old, he startled both his followers and the country at large by suddenly emerging, in a series of six broadcast addresses, as a vigorous critic of the capitalist system and the sponsor of a "New Deal". His avowed object was the elimination of various evils and abuses revealed in the capitalist system by the depression and thrown into high relief in Canada by a parliamentary investigation of "price spreads", mass buying, wages and correlated problems. Capitalism had enjoyed its great prosperity in the nineteenth century in circumstances completely different from those of today. These conditions—the free interflow of trade and capital between countries and the open market place where the law of supply and demand had unfettered play—had vanished, said Mr. Bennett, "like the snows of yesteryear" under the combined impact of the Great War, economic nationalism, and the depression, and capitalism, therefore, could not hope to produce an adequate measure of well being and happiness for the Canadian people unless it were subjected to drastic reforms and restraints.

This being so, he propounded as a programme for his party a series of measures of social and economic reform which implied a comprehensive reorganization of the whole economic system of Canada on a scale far beyond anything hitherto contemplated by a Canadian political party. A national system of unemployment insurance, health insurance, laws ordaining minimum standards of wages and hours of labour, a better plan of old age pensions, generous relief for agricultural debtors, measures for the curbing of malpractices in the business world, and changes in taxation for the redistribution of wealth were the salient features of this "New Deal". It is true that not a few of his reforms

had long been accepted as integral parts of the economic arrangements of Britain and other units of the British Commonwealth, but they were a marked advance for a country which had hitherto been relatively backward in social legislation, and were not the sort of measures for which a Conservative party was expected to be responsible. It was little wonder, therefore, that old-fashioned Tories found themselves at first in a state of dazed bewilderment, and that the *Montreal Gazette*, which represents with reasonable fidelity the views of St. James Street, Montreal, the Canadian counterpart of Wall Street, turned a barrage of bitter editorial criticism upon the new programme. Mr. Bennett was accused of wantonly embracing the Socialist creed and betraying the fundamental principles of Canadian Conservatism.

The Prime Minister, however, is not the man to be turned from a chosen course by the fulminations of a newspaper, however powerful, and, as soon as Parliament met on January 17th, he proceeded without delay to give effect to his programme in a series of social reform measures. Now, since questions like wages, hours of labour, and industrial conditions generally had always been regarded as coming within the jurisdiction of the provinces under the terms of Canada's constitution, there seemed to be an almost insurmountable obstacle to effective Federal legislation about them. But Mr. Bennett resorted to an ingenious device to overcome this constitutional obstacle. As a preliminary step he invited Parliament to ratify a series of international conventions about industrial conditions drawn up under the auspices of the International Labour Office to which Canada, as a member of the League, had adhered. He then proceeded to develop the thesis that since, under section 122 of the British North America Act, which embodies the Canadian constitution, the Federal Parliament is empowered to carry out all treaty obligations entered into on behalf of the Dominion, it must *ipso facto* be endowed with authority to pass any legislation necessary to discharge such obligations, and that provincial rights must give way to treaty obligations which Canada should have honoured long before.

The Liberal Opposition would not accept this ingenious reasoning, and argued that jurisdiction about wages, hours of labour, and correlated problems had been definitely assigned to

the provinces by the constitution ; that this allocation had been confirmed by the highest Courts and acted upon for generations ; and that therefore the Federal Government could only commit itself to such treaty obligations as it has the authority to implement. They demanded that the constitutional validity of the proposed legislation be tested by a reference to the Supreme Court of Canada. But when the Government would not agree to this course they decided to avoid the risk of being charged with frustrating valuable social reforms in a spirit of constitutional pedantry and, while indulging in considerable criticisms of the actual terms of the Bills introduced, acquiesced in their principle and did not vote against them.

The Government was therefore able in the early part of the session to seize the initiative and put the Liberals on the defensive, while it also enjoyed the sympathetic co-operation of the new radical party known as the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, which welcomed the social legislation as a sign of conversion to its ideals. But about a month after the session opened, when the Government seemed to be on the way to rebuilding its prestige, a dire misfortune befell it through a serious illness which took Mr. Bennett away from Parliament and kept him in bed for two months. Towards the end of April he had recovered sufficiently to be able to proceed to London and represent his country at the Jubilee celebrations. There he consulted eminent medical specialists who (as he admitted to Parliament) advised him not to return to Ottawa and resume his public duties. But he felt that the seriousness of the problems confronting Parliament and the country called him to take risks with his health, and so he took his place in the House of Commons when it resumed its labours on May 20th after a long Easter recess.

Ministers gave as the chief excuse for this long recess, against which the Liberals protested, as it postponed the date of the General Election, the need for adequate time to prepare the legislation necessary to give effect to the recommendations of the Price Spreads Commission, as it was popularly known. Starting originally as a Parliamentary Committee, formed at the instigation of Mr. H. H. Stevens when he was still Minister of Trade and Commerce, it had later been transformed with the same personnel into a Royal Commission, and it had spent more

than a year investigating a wide range of the industrial, commercial, and financial phases of Canada's national economy. The compilation of its report was attended with considerable controversy, but eventually the Commission, of which Mr. Stevens was the dominating figure, produced a massive document of some 300,000 words. Not only did it turn the searchlight upon most of the major business activities of the country, but it made a series of drastic recommendations for the elimination of malpractices and the better organization of Canada's economic and social structure.

The report, however, was not unanimous for, whereas the six Conservative members of the Commission and the solitary C.C.F. representative concurred in a majority report, three of the four Liberal members, while giving their approval to most of its observations and recommendations, felt compelled to file a memorandum of reservations. They questioned the practicability or advisability of certain proposals in the majority report, and expressed their regret at certain omissions; while the fourth Liberal, an unbending western disciple of the Manchester school, proclaimed his total dissent from the conclusions and recommendations of the majority.

By far the most important recommendations of the Price Spreads Commission was a proposal to establish an agency for curbing unethical business practices, sweatshop conditions, starvation wages, the exploitation of consumers and producers, and the accumulation of excessive profits by greedy individuals or corporations. The report likewise dealt at considerable length with the department and chain store organizations. It severely criticized some objectional practices resorted to by them, particularly the employment of their power of mass buying to beat down the prices asked for goods by manufacturers who were consequently compelled to cut wages. A general working week of forty hours was also recommended.

The Price Spreads report had a mixed reception throughout the country. It was applauded by the labour elements who saw in it the promise of substantial benefits to themselves, but such a comprehensive regimentation of business as was implied by the recommendations found scant favour in the eyes of the business and financial communities. Some of their leading

spokesmen at once gave tongue with adverse criticisms, and the *Montreal Gazette* published biting editorials. But in the main the Conservative press endorsed the report and the C.C.F. organs were decidedly sympathetic to it. The Liberals, on the other hand, either attacked it as proposing a dangerous interference with business and the laws of supply and demand, or mocked at it as hypocritical window dressing for electioneering purposes.

The drastic nature of the report, however, put the Bennett Ministry in a serious quandary, and when Mr. Stevens moved in Parliament for its immediate adoption it took no notice of the motion, and has since contrived to evade any debate upon the report. While a large body of its followers, inside and outside of Parliament, were urging prompt legislative action upon the report as the basis for an attractive election programme, most of its prominent business supporters were either exerting continuous pressure to stop any legislative regulation of business, or counselling prudent caution. Moreover, its difficulties were not lessened when its law officers advised that the courts were unlikely to uphold the validity of the Federal Trade and Industry Commission, which the Report proposed to set up.

So Ministers pondered the report long and carefully, and after the Prime Minister's return from England the Cabinet held almost daily sittings to decide upon its course. Eventually, after long mental travail, it has apparently decided to follow the path of compromise. It has resolved to go ahead with the project of a Trade and Industry Commission, but it is not to be a brand-new body. Its members are to be the three members of the existing Tariff Board, for whom a variety of special powers and duties will be prescribed, and the assistance will be available of a Director of Prosecutions to carry on such legal actions as are deemed necessary for the enforcement of the Commission's decrees. To the Trade and Industry Commission is to be transferred the administration of the Combines Investigations Act after it has been amended to widen the definition of "combines" and give a stricter interpretation to monopolies, trusts, and mergers. Furthermore, the Government has introduced a series of amending measures designed to stiffen the provisions of the Criminal Code against business malpractices, to strengthen the Weights and Measures Act, the Industrial Disputes Investiga-

tion Act and the Fair Wages Act, and to authorize a scheme for the regulation and control of the livestock industry.

But it is quite probable that it will not attempt to drive through Parliament all the Bills which are now before it. It would be hard to induce the Senate to endorse legislation which is of doubtful constitutional validity, and the Ministry may decide to pass only such Bills as are certain to stand challenge in the courts and to abandon the dubious measures. As members of all parties are anxious for an early termination of the session in order that they may escape from Ottawa to their constituencies, where their opponents are busy campaigning against them, these considerations have all the more force.

The expectation, therefore, is that Parliament will be prorogued before this article is printed, and dissolution may follow at any time thereafter. It has been the avowed intention of Mr. Bennett to test his physical capacities with limited labours during the close of the session and then reach a decision about his retention of the Conservative leadership. He has tried to cut down this work and has absented himself from all the evening sittings of the House of Commons, but it is known that he has no great reserves of strength at present and tires easily. Hence it is unlikely that he will be allowed to assume the full responsibilities of leadership during the campaign and range round the country making speeches in every important centre, as Canadian leaders are expected to do. Undoubtedly his own inclination would be to retire and seek a well earned rest, but the difficulty of finding a suitable successor who would be acceptable to all sections of the Conservative party may make it necessary for him to retain the leadership in the campaign for the purpose of holding the party together. He could follow the example of the late President Harding and make what is called in the United States "a front porch" campaign, which would mean that he would remain in Ottawa, direct the general electioneering strategy, and broadcast speeches at intervals over the radio.

Such a course would obviously leave the Conservatives under a serious disability and proportionately strengthen the Opposition. If Mr. Bennett decides to retire, he would probably exert his influence to secure the election, as his successor, of Senator Meighen, who has twice held the Premiership for brief periods. But a

very substantial body of the Conservative members of Parliament and of the rank and file in the country are ardent partisans of Mr. Stevens, and hold that his leadership alone could save them from overwhelming defeat if Mr. Bennett dropped out. Mr. Stevens, who has lately resumed his crusade against big business, is, of course, anathema to the business interests who normally support the Conservative party. Any party which he led would, they hold, cease to merit the title of "Conservative". Mr. Bennett therefore, in order to avert an internecine quarrel over the leadership, might feel it necessary to retain it, at least till the election is over.

Apart from this question of leadership, the stage is practically set for the coming General Election and the issues between the parties are reasonably clear. The Conservatives will contend that the Bennett Ministry has given the country wise and efficient administration, that it has guided it skilfully through the worst depression in its history, and that it has maintained the national credit at a high level ; they will defend the high tariff policies of the Government on the ground that they averted a disastrous industrial *débâcle* and enabled Canada to meet her foreign obligations successfully. They will make considerable play with the Ottawa agreements, and contend that they were an excellent bargain both for Canada and the other partners of the Commonwealth. It is true that the programme of drastic reforms which Mr. Bennett promulgated in his January broadcasts has now been considerably whittled down, but the measures passed before the session ends will enable Conservative candidates to argue that their party is imbued with a spirit of progressive reform and is in no sense reactionary. The Conservatives, however, will enter the election under one serious handicap : they will have arrayed against them seven out of the nine provincial administrations with their well oiled political machines, and the experience of the past shows that these have often played a decisive part in Federal elections.

The Liberals on their part will frame a general indictment of the Bennett Ministry for a long list of sins of omission and commission, and on the strength of it employ the ancient battle-cry "Time for a change". They will charge it with aggravating the difficulties of the depression through the imposition of

inordinately high tariffs, which have produced reprisals abroad, and by curtailing export markets have brought agriculture and other basic industries to a deplorable plight. The promise to reduce these tariffs will make a strong appeal to the farming vote. At one time the Liberal party seemed determined to tear up the Ottawa agreements, which they have continually criticized, but a gradual realization of their popularity in certain areas has been responsible for a change in their attitude. Mr. Mackenzie King has declared that, though he will undertake their revision through friendly negotiations with the other contracting parties, he has no intention of destroying them. Apparently the Liberals intend to make one of the chief planks in their election platform the transference of the Bank of Canada, which is now a privately owned institution, to government ownership and control, but the party is not solidly in favour of this change. They will deride the Government's programme of industrial and economic reform as mere electioneering stage play, and contend that what Canada needs is a relaxation of governmental interference with business and trade, and not its intensification.

There remain to be considered the prospects of the new Co-operative Commonwealth party, formed two years ago and committed to a programme which can be fairly described as socialistic. It is handicapped by the lack of a nationwide organization, as it has no serious foothold east of the Ottawa River, and it lacks effective press support. It enjoys very considerable strength, however, in the three most westerly provinces and in the industrial centres of Ontario, and at the last municipal elections was able to elect mayors in the three important cities of Toronto, Winnipeg, and Windsor. Throughout the session, the C.C.F. group in the House of Commons, which is fifteen strong, has given fairly consistent support to the reform programme of the Bennett Ministry, but it is now dissatisfied with the dilution of the original programme and will fight the election as an opposition party. A few months ago it seemed to have justifiable hopes of increasing its strength in the next Parliament, but recent developments in the province of Alberta have reduced its prospects. In that province a certain William Aberhart, a school teacher, who is by common consent an extremely expert propagandist and has a private radio station at his command, has been

preaching for the past three years a brand of social credit doctrines adapted from the theories of Major Douglas. He has now accumulated such a large following, particularly in the rural areas, that he has launched a Social Credit party to challenge the other three parties, the United Farmers who are now in power, the Liberals, and the Conservatives, at a provincial election which is due to be held before winter this year. This new party has nominated candidates in practically every constituency, and impartial political experts aver that it has a chance of sending the largest contingent of members to the next legislature. Mr. Aberhart has now announced that he intends to carry his social credit gospel into the adjacent provinces and to bring his party into the Federal arena. If he carries out this threat the effect will be to split the radical vote in the West and to improve materially the chances of the nominees of the Conservative and Liberal parties, especially the latter.

Many things may occur to affect the fortunes of an election before polling day, but at present the Conservatives seem doomed to lose most of their twenty-three seats in the prairie country through the unpopularity of their tariff policies in that region. In the absence of French-Canadian leaders on their side capable of coping with M. Lapointe and Premier Taschereau, they will also have great trouble to keep many of the two hundred odd seats which they gained in the election of 1930, when they made their first serious inroad on what has been an almost impregnable stronghold of Liberalism since the war. It is hard to see where they can hope for compensating gains in other provinces, and accordingly the Liberals have some justification for their confidence that victory will be with them. Unless, however, their leaders can, before the election, develop a better array of constructive policies than they have so far produced, it will be dissatisfaction with the record of the Conservatives rather than positive enthusiasm for the Liberal programme that will be the deciding factor of the contest.

NATIONAL DEFENCE

THE NEED OF A COMBINED GENERAL STAFF.

BY LORD STRABOLGI

(Formerly Admiralty War Staff, London.)

NATIONAL defence is now in the forefront of public affairs more than it has been at any time since 1910. It was in that year that public opinion in Britain, as distinct from professional opinion, realized the German naval menace for the first time. The aeroplane was then in its infancy.

The public mind is now similarly aroused for the first time to the important new factor of Germany's increasing air power. Professional opinion, and some political opinion, had been acutely aware of the German naval challenge for some years before 1910 ; just as informed professional opinion, and some political opinion, had been acutely aware of German air plans prior to this year. The result of the swing of opinion this year, as in 1910, is a considerable programme of increase in the particular arm regarded as the most important for national defence. The supposed threat from the air has replaced the threat from the sea in the imagination of the masses of the people. It would be stretching the argument too far to maintain that the Royal Air Force is now of more importance than the Royal Navy for the defence of the British Empire as a whole ; but it is in the air arm that we are relatively weak.

We need not assume that the events which followed on 1910 will repeat themselves now ; yet if forces are provided for defence, not only will the taxpayers expect them to be as efficient as possible, but they will expect their direction also to be efficient in the case of war. Conditions have so changed, chiefly because of the new air arm, that the older methods of direction are manifestly unsuitable. Three separate Services, each with its own independent General Staff, cannot be used as a co-ordinated whole

unless a co-ordinating Staff exists for this purpose. In practice, no such Staff functions.

The great change in the wide problem of defence today is realized by an increasing weight of professional and other informed opinion. Whereas in pre-war days the Army and the Navy could be prepared to fight a campaign each in its own sphere, today, owing to the development of the aeroplane—and that development has been progressively rapid in a technical sense—there is a new weapon of vast potentialities which can be brought into use as an auxiliary either of the Army or the Navy. This has created a whole series of new problems.

Whenever during our long history England has been engaged in war the Army and the Navy have had to combine operations, to a limited extent at least, for the obvious reason that troops can only be conveyed from this country under escort across the sea ; and that was usually the end of their co-operation. But this third arm can fight over the land as well as over the sea. The aeroplane can attack troops, or warships, or merchant ships, or railway trains. The Navy can bombard coastal towns, but the aeroplane can bomb both towns on the coast and towns inland. Bearing in mind the scale of armament in the air which all the leading Powers are trying to maintain, it is no exaggeration to say that if the whole of the Air Forces of a Great Power were thrown into the scale in a land campaign and the Air Forces of its adversary were divided, the tide of battle might be turned by the use of the air weapon alone. Napoleon won his most decisive victories by massing his artillery. The mass attack of aeroplanes might have equally decisive results. On the other hand, in a naval campaign carried out within flying range of air bases, other things being equal, the victory might well go to the adversary who could dispose of overwhelming forces in the air.

Another feature of the air weapon is its extreme mobility. The greatest land campaigns ever waged and won within historical times were the wonderful marches and conquests of the Tartar armies under Genghis Khan and Tamerlane. A confederation of nomadic tribes from Mongolia not only conquered all Asia—for it was a branch of those same Tartars who conquered India and established the Mogul dynasty—but swept half across Europe, threatening the whole of Christendom. Their advance guards,

appeared in North Africa after over-running what is now Turkey in Asia. The secret of the irresistibility of the Tartars was the extreme mobility of their mounted armies, enabling them to concentrate in overwhelming force on any selected battleground. There was no infantry and no "train"; no baggage and no camp followers; only clouds of horsemen, each with three horses. So it will be with the air weapon; and it is the realization of this that has led to the proposals for the Air Locarno.

So complex are the problems created by this novel three-dimensional weapon that the old distinction between the functions of armies and navies tends to disappear. Hence the revival of the fifty-year-old demand for a combined Ministry of Defence. There are many detailed objections to a Ministry of Defence. At present these appear overwhelming to the hierarchy of the Civil Service and the politicians whom they advise; but the case for a combined General Staff under a supreme political head, in default of a complete Ministry of Defence, appears to me to be so strong as to be irresistible.

What organization have we at present? There is the Committee of Imperial Defence. This august body was established by the late Lord Balfour with the able help of his then Minister for War, the present Earl of Midleton, after the South African War. It is not an executive body, which is one of its weaknesses; it meets spasmodically; and its principal members are overburdened with other duties. The Committee of Imperial Defence is another form of Cabinet. This "consultative and advisory body", to quote the Marquess of Londonderry, speaking as Minister of Air in an important debate on this subject on March 14th in the House of Lords, consists of the following members of the Cabinet:

- The Prime Minister,
- The Lord President of the Council,
- The Chancellor of the Exchequer,
- The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs,
- The Secretary of State for India,
- The Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs,
- The Secretary of State for the Colonies,
- The Secretary of State for War,
- The Secretary of State for Air,

The First Lord of the Admiralty.

The following professional experts are regular members :

The Chief of the Naval Staff,

The Chief of the Imperial General Staff,

The Chief of the Air Staff,

The Permanent Secretary to the Treasury.

From time to time other Ministers and senior civil servants or members of the naval, air, or military General Staffs are summoned. On occasion, the representatives of the Dominions attend: the Prime Ministers when they are in London, the High Commissioners at other times.

Now this body, apart from its weaknesses described above, is unwieldy. It is surrounded by a great constellation of sub-committees, over fifty in number, dealing with all sorts of questions such as supply, man-power, chemical warfare, anti-chemical warfare, transport, fuel supplies and so on. The most important of these sub-committees consists of the Chiefs of Staff of the three fighting services, who meet under the chairmanship of the Prime Minister. All these four persons who, of course, have their assistants and secretaries, are extremely hard worked and have vast administrative duties. What is lacking is a Thinking Department, divorced from administrative and routine work. There is a Thinking Department in the Admiralty, known as the Planning Division, which is not only absolved from administrative duties of any kind, but in wartime is freed from day-to-day operational work. This is a thoroughly sound principle, and it has been followed, to a certain extent, in the Air Ministry and War Office. What is obviously needed, however, is a combined Planning Division or a combined General Staff to co-ordinate the higher policies of the three Services. Indeed, as I shall presently show, there should not only be a combined Planning Division but a combined Operations Division. At present there is nothing of the kind except the absurdly over-worked Chiefs of Staff Sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence, to give it its full title. In passing, it will be generally agreed by all unbiased persons with knowledge of the working of Government Departments that if such a combined Staff is set up, the last person who should attempt to preside over it on behalf of the Cabinet is the Prime Minister of the day.

With his responsibilities, ranging from the leadership of the House of Commons to the appointment of Bishops and Deans and the distribution of patronage, he cannot possibly give even a substantial portion of his time to such a complex task ; and yet it should be a whole-time job, for new problems crowd in on us like clouds heaping up before a gale. Almost every day brings its new difficulties.

The old conception of war is out of date. There are three schools of thought where national defence is concerned. The first need not detain us long, for its policy is outside the scope of this article. I refer to the extreme Christian pacifist policy of non-resistance. It may be that it holds the key to the ultimate solution of the problem of world peace. But the two schools who believe in the necessity of armed defence and of resistance to aggression are divided, with numerous gradings and shadings, between those who hold that our defence system should be on a national basis and those who believe that it should be part of a system of collective security. The policy of relying on our own strength, building up such forces as we can afford, and basing our policy on such power as we possess, is a comparatively simple matter. It involves also the policy of splendid isolation, the avoidance of alliances, and during the fifty years prior to the Entente Cordiale of 1903 was successful enough. But if we are to consider our defence as part of the common defence, either with the other States Members of the League of Nations or with military and naval allies, then we shall still need armed forces, and the preparation and plans for their use will be far more complicated. The moment naval and military plans have to be drawn up with an ally, actual or potential, the whole business becomes more complex ; but if they have to be drawn up under a widely-spread system of collective security in which neither allies nor opponents can be designated in advance, then the business becomes more complex still. But whether our plans are to be drawn up in accordance with the policy of one or other of these schools of thought, where defence is concerned, it is perfectly certain that they must be prepared beforehand and that they must be efficiently prepared : we shall be inviting national disaster if we behave in the manner of amateur actors and hope that " everything will be all right on the night".

That there is serious lack of co-ordination even today, despite the lessons of the Great War, will be generally admitted. Because of this lack of co-ordination there is still a tendency for the General Staffs of the three arms to envisage a different enemy ; for while the files of any competent Staff contain some plans for any kind of war which could possibly break out, nevertheless it is natural to prepare more fully for the most difficult campaign, and that means, in practice, a campaign against the most powerful adversary whom we might be expected to meet. Thus, in the years of economy that have followed the post-Armistice demobilization, the Army has reverted to its pre-South African War situation. The comparatively small, but highly efficient, Expeditionary Force prepared for the last great war is no longer in being. The Army has returned to its old role of an Imperial Police Force, plus one serious military obligation. This latter is the defence of the North-West Frontier of India ; and the potential enemy there, which has existed for a hundred years, is Russia. With the exception of the neutralized Canadian border, this is the only important land frontier in the Empire which could in any conceivable circumstances be threatened by a first-class military Power. Now a war for the defence of the Indian land frontier is not of great importance in the eyes of the Naval Staff. Their part in such a war, supposing Russia were involved, would consist of the convoying of troopships and the blockade of the Baltic. The Naval Staff must think first of all of the most difficult war from the marine point of view in which we might be engaged ; and that might be a war with either of the other two first-class naval Powers, the United States of America and Japan. For the whole of this century it has been an *idée fixe* of British Imperial strategy that an Anglo-American war is out of the question. Indeed, no preparations whatsoever have been made for it for generations. A Pacific war against Japan has been regarded as at any rate a possibility for some fifteen years. Hence the Singapore naval base.

In passing, it should be noted that the naval preparations at Singapore were far advanced, including the preparation of a first-class dockyard and naval arsenal, before any steps were taken to provide the corresponding military garrison and air forces. It would be indignantly denied that the Admiralty

embarked on the expansion of the former cruiser base at Singapore into a first-class naval dockyard without consultation with the Military and Air Force authorities, and such a statement would, in any case, be an exaggeration ; but Singapore was the Admiralty's child, and for a long time the suckling of this lusty infant was an affair of the north side of Whitehall, and neither the south side nor Adastral House gave much active assistance.

As for the Royal Air Force and its war plans, after a period of neglect during which our magnificent air armies of the Great War were disbanded and the Air Ministry itself was fighting hard for its separate existence, the tendency was to concentrate on Imperial police duties. The main activities were divided, as in the case of the Army, between the defence of the North-West Frontier of India and important police duties in the Middle East. Then the advocates of preparedness in the air began to draw attention to the strong air force of our nearest neighbour, France. Following the well established custom of a fighting service, acting more or less independently, some preparations were made for warding off an air attack from across the English Channel. This was before the arrival of the National Socialist Government in Germany ; and now there is a swing round towards preparations for warding off air attack from the other side of the North Sea.

It would therefore be true to say that, during the last fifteen years, most military thought has been directed towards the catastrophe of war with Russia ; most naval thought has been given to the possible catastrophe of a war against Japan ; and the Air General Staff has been engaged in thinking out how best to defend the country against attack from the nearest Continental nation possessing a strong Air Force. In fact, the official Air Force policy announced in Parliament during Mr. Stanley Baldwin's second premiership, and before one person in a thousand in England had heard of Herr Hitler, was that we must have a one-Power standard in the air, the yardstick being the strength of the strongest Continental nation, in the air sense, within flying distance of our shores.

No doubt the military authorities gave much careful thought, and made such preparations as they could, for a possible war in the Pacific or in Europe. No doubt the Air General Staff had, and have, their plans for giving what assistance they could for

the defence of India against Russia, or of Hong-kong against the Japanese. But the proof of the lack of real co-ordination between the three is to be seen in the patent fact that whereas the Royal Navy is the strongest force of its kind in the world, not even omitting that of the United States, the Army is only a glorified Police Force which would have the greatest difficulty in throwing two fully equipped divisions on to the Continent within a reasonable time ; and the Air Force, at any rate on paper, takes fourth or fifth place amongst the Forces of the heavily armed Powers.

Yet these three arms of our defence forces are in themselves highly efficient, and it is generally admitted that for its size the Royal Air Force is the best equipped and trained in the world. There is much exaggeration about the growth of the German Air Force ; while recent debates in the French Chamber have shown that, despite its numbers and the technical skill of its members, the Air Force of France shows many serious defects. The Royal Navy has learnt the lessons of the Great War, and, except for a shortage of destroyers, is in a very strong position in every class of vessel. It is true the Admiralty say that we are short of cruisers, but we have never had enough cruisers and probably never will. Nelson complained bitterly of the lack of frigates, and so did all the other British Admirals of that time. We were short of cruisers in the last war, and owing to the very extent of the oceans and the volume of our seaborne trade, we shall be short of cruisers should we be engaged in any future war. The Army, for its size, is also efficient, and good progress has been made with mechanization.

What is lacking, however, is a centralized body to direct these three efficient Forces. Let us try to visualise the actual situation, should we be engaged in war with a first-class Power within air-striking distance of these islands. I am not scare-mongering, because I do not believe in the probability of a European War for economic reasons, into which it is not necessary to enter here ; but we are spending £120,000,000 a year on defence, and this is a rising sum. This expenditure is defended because no statesman will take the responsibility of promising a long period of peace. Though we may be short of cruisers, we shall certainly be short of aeroplanes, and a shortage of aeroplanes will be felt more quickly than the shortage of cruisers. The home

defence forces will consist of \propto flying craft. The actual numbers available for the purposes of this argument do not matter. Some will be machines built for bombing, others to carry torpedoes for nautical operations, others will be fighters and interceptors, others will be designed for reconnaissance purposes with the Fleet, others for co-operation with the Army, and so on ; but all will need pilots and machine-gunners, and there will be a great demand for observers and air mechanics. Whatever the numbers of these aircraft and their *personnel*, there will be immediate and heavy demands from seven different directions.

(1) Machines will be needed for the defence of our cities, including the capital, the harbours, dockyards, aerodromes, munition factories, and the vital centres of communication. Whatever we do in the way of attacking our adversary, there must be a force of fast fighter aeroplanes for the purpose of attacking any invading squadrons which might break through.

(2) There will be a special demand for aircraft for the battle fleet of the Navy. Its tactics are based on the co-operation of aircraft ; to deprive the battle fleet of aircraft would be equivalent to putting out its eyes.

(3) There will be a distinct and separate demand from the Navy for aircraft for the defence of merchant shipping, including convoys, against air attack, and also for use against enemy submarines or surface craft acting as commerce raiders—for which latter purpose modern aircraft are considered highly efficient. This question of the defence of seaborne commerce by means of aircraft is important and will be urgent if ever we engage in war. Just as in the last great war there was natural reluctance on the part of the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet to detail destroyers for commerce protection, so in the future there will be resistance to denuding the battle fleet of its aircraft for the defence of convoys.

(4) Whatever expeditionary army is mobilized will demand its quota of aircraft for tactical co-operation with the troops.

(5) There will be a separate and distinct demand for aircraft for coastal defence against naval raids, sporadic bombardments and the like.

(6) The overseas garrisons will require their Air Forces.

Malta and Singapore, to take two examples, could hardly be denuded of aeroplanes.

(7) Perhaps most important of all, there will be the truly strategic demand for as strong an Air Force as can be assembled for the purpose of attacking the enemy's nerve centres, especially his aerodromes, munition factories, railway junctions and the like.

We can be quite certain that there will be a pull-devil pull-baker contest for aeroplanes between the War Office, the Admiralty, and the Air Ministry. At present each Service has its special functions and will, quite naturally, try to be as well armed as possible to perform them. Who will decide between these competing claims? Will it be the Cabinet, or the Committee of Imperial Defence, or the Chiefs of Staff Sub-committee? Not one of these three bodies could possibly do it. Not one of them can be in almost continuous session. The Cabinet and, to a lesser degree, the Committee of Imperial Defence, would not have the knowledge. The professional members of the Chiefs of Staff sub-committee will naturally strive for the strength of their own services.

The ideal arrangement would be a combined Ministry of Defence under one Cabinet Minister. This has been long advocated and, as a policy, is very respectably supported both politically and professionally. It has been examined by a series of committees of distinguished persons from 1918 onwards, and always rejected.

The heads of the Civil Service, a strong body of senior officers of all three fighting Services, and an imposing galaxy of Elder Statesmen, are all opposed to such a merger; but a combined General Staff for working out the strategical plans for combined operations—and with the arrival of the air arm all future war activities will be combined operations—would appear to be necessary, and I believe the case for it is unanswerable. The air arm has altered the whole strategical aspect of defence and has made necessary much closer co-operation than has ever before been attempted. Such closer co-operation can only be brought about by a permanent combined General Staff working to a common doctrine.

A GREAT AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

BY HARRISON BROWN

I HAD arrived, after much travelling, at a city in Kentucky and an excursion was proposed. Somehow that excursion went wrong. I found myself a few hours later disembarking from my friends' automobile on a refuse dump beside the turbid waters of Ohio River. The river was wide and was spanned in the distance by spider-legged iron bridges, an unenchanted prospect. My companions turned their backs upon the view and together the four of us set off down what should have been a sunny lane. The lane, however, had been subdued, and the last forlorn engagement between a riverside copse and the refuse dump was then in progress.

We came at last to a great Power House upon a Dam and I realized what I was in for. As we approached its portals and stood for a moment above the swirling water the most enthusiastic of the company seized my arm. "I go into this place", he whispered, "as others enter a Church". "But I'm not religious", I snapped, and instantly felt ashamed.

There is a great gulf fixed between the technically minded and those born without that quality ; it is a gulf which the latter should seek to bridge, since the former are usually incapable of doing so. To the tyro all power stations are alike ; I had seen many and did not wish to leave the sunshine for another round of polished floors and gleaming generators. But how was my young friend to know that ? He to whom each was as different as a Gothic cathedral from a Saxon village church. He was not puzzled by my rude temper, he was deeply hurt—that perfect example of the Wellsian prophecy of twenty years ago. I offer him this unheard apology in the spirit in which expiatory masses were wont to be bought for the souls of those slain in hot blood.

We have little on which to preen ourselves, we untechnically minded who are not of this generation. To the modern we must

be at least as baffling as they to us. And that, too, was borne in upon me some weeks later by another river in another State.

The Clinch River, like much of the Tennessee of which it is a tributary, winds through the rocky woodlands of the Appalachian wilderness. My first glimpse of it was from the new "Free-way" which runs from Knoxville out to Norris. For some miles we had had on our right the far line of the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina. Then, as we rounded a bend, the setting sun became framed in the gorge of the river, fast sinking behind another range of wooded hills. I exclaimed at the rugged beauty of it all. It was not my first exclamation, and my companion grunted: it was "miserably poor land", he said, and brought me down to earth more quickly than the car reached river level.

He was entirely right. The land is very poor and he had little time to lose in wonder at its æsthetic beauty. We think of Americans as being without "traditions". That is wrong. Their tradition is one of activity which has had scant place for dreamers. The small leisured class inherited that tradition, which, divorced from its utilitarian basis, became for the most part senseless. Americans travel less to view "scenery" than to see other men and find out how they do things. The wonder is not that their travel should pertain to their tradition, but rather that some twenty-five great "National Parks" should have been set aside chiefly for the enjoyment of future generations.

I make no more apology for my own reactions than I would criticize my guide for his. I have met no more "civilized" man in all my travels than this servant of the Tennessee Valley Authority who was showing me something of that great project. Nor have I ever encountered a more inspiring work than this "experiment in human welfare" which is being conducted there. The United States is a Continent, not a country in the European sense. Rarely are the headlines of one State's capital more than a gossip note of interest for the next. It was the more interesting to find the T.V.A. so widely known. Over thousands of miles of territory almost everybody knew something of this one big feather in the New Deal's cap, and all were anxious to learn more.

The Tennessee Valley Authority, or T.V.A., is vast enough to require almost as many definitions as it has done maps. It may be called an experiment in planned economy ; it has been named the most ambitious land-planning project in American history. It has been attacked as "rank Socialism", and defended, by no less a person than President Roosevelt himself, as "a birchrod in the cupboard" for the robber barons of the Power Trusts.

But call it what you will, it is a thrilling experiment and on a scale with which only one other country can compete. There is another parallel between Russian projects and the T.V.A. besides that of size. All travellers who have visited both say that they find in each the same exceptional enthusiasm for the job in hand. Therein lies the chief claim of the T.V.A. to be "revolutionary". It is a challenge to the dearest—and silliest—dogma not only of North America, but of Western Europe, the dogma that the profit motive alone can make the world go round. One may hazard a guess that the bitterness of interested opposition parties is partly due to realization of just how unequal the odds would be against them—if the game were honestly played !

As for the scale of operations, the Tennessee River is 1,200 miles long and its basin comprises 42,000 square miles, or nearly half the area of Great Britain. The elevation in the valley varies from 250 to 6,000 feet and the climate accordingly. The soil will raise anything that can be grown between Canada and the Gulf of Mexico; mineral resources are rich and the rainfall heavy. In its diversity it provides the perfect laboratory for a series of experiments, the results of which it is intended to apply all over the country.

There is a common impression that the only object of the T.V.A. is to generate cheap electricity. That purpose is fundamental to the general scheme and it is the side which has received widest publicity, but it is only the beginning. It may be called the kernel of the project, as it certainly is the rallying point of the fierce opposition with which the whole authority has been confronted. The main objective of the undertaking is to develop unified control of the water resources of the valley with a view to flood control and water transportation. It is the focal point of experimentation in the great campaign against soil erosion :

a menace which is estimated to cost the country \$400,000,000 annually, and to be threatening the livelihood of millions.

The plan includes also reforestation, less wasteful exploitation of mineral wealth, the production of nitrate fertilizer, and, most important of all perhaps, experimentation regarding the production of phosphorus. To these objects must necessarily be added that of agricultural education, the careful weaning of the farmers from their hide-bound habit of ruinous single-crop cultivation. Hygiene and health measures are important, too; disease is prevalent amongst the "hillbillies", for all their good stock and hardy open-air lives. To all these activities, and more besides, the Authority has chosen to add a series of training schemes for their own employees. Not only is the education of their children in the best of hands, but every unskilled labourer has the opportunity for specialized training.

America has been prodigal of all her resources, but of none has she been more wasteful than of the soil itself, at first no doubt from *embarras de richesse*, more recently from sheer economic necessity. In the nick of time the country has awakened to the fate in store for it if present methods continue. The drought of the North West, the appalling dust storms of the Middle West: these are problems calling urgently for temporary measures. Already thousands of families are having to migrate from land from which the top-soil has been literally blown away. In one case communities from Kansas and New Mexico have been shipped to Alaska, which in point of distance is as though the inhabitants of a Somerset village were moved to Archangel or Persia.

Civilization has broken Nature's cycle by which soil, air, and water fed plants, the plants fed animals, which dying, fed the soil again. When crops are reaped and cattle removed for slaughter great quantities of phosphorus go with them and are not replenished. Almost all soil is now deficient in that chemical, and reckless single-crop farming adds destruction to deficiency by increasing soil erosion.

It has been found that certain plants such as clover, peas, beans, alfalfa and others help to fix nitrogen in the soil. But phosphate is needed to make these plants grow to fix the nitrogen. And cheap electric power is needed to make cheap phosphate.

To quote Mr. H. A. Morgan : " electric power means dams, and dams mean reservoirs, and reservoirs, to remain effective, must be protected from the deposit of silt due to soil erosion. We check soil erosion through phosphate and our circle is complete." Thus, not merely man's convenience, but his whole well-being is the object of T.V.A. through the restoration of Nature's cycle.

The Authority is the laboratory in which the permanent solution of all these problems is being sought. That the men in charge of such an undertaking must be experts in their field is obvious. The inspiration of a visit to their camp dawns with the realization that they are more than that. From somewhere in our catch-as-catch-can civilization Roosevelt has dug a team of men who combine high social conscience with that rare quality of leadership which inspires co-operation.

The Directors are three in number, a civil engineer, a teacher and a lawyer. Three targets for the robber barons to shoot at, but hard birds to kill, all three of them. A little more than two years ago President Roosevelt brought these men together for the first time. He offered them a job of drawing up as quickly as possible a plan of operations for the Valley. They had wide authority, the salary of each was to be a modest £2,000 per annum, and they could hire all the expert help they needed, America being full of unemployed technicians. The Authority under their control has been voted \$50,000,000 as a start.

The Chairman, Dr. A. E. Morgan, has had a long career in reclamation work, and has planned and superintended some seventy-five water control projects throughout the Union. His hobby is education and in that field, too, he has long established himself as one of the nation's most enlightened leaders. Mr. Harcourt A. Morgan, the second Director, is Canadian-born and was, until recently, President of the State University of Tennessee. Mr. David E. Lilienthal hails from Chicago ; he is the legal adviser, buyer of right-of-way, seller of power, controller of transportation, etc.

It would be interesting to speculate on the feelings of the three men when first they came to view their future domain. They saw a vast territory to which Nature had been kind, but with which Man had almost done his worst. An area inhabited by two

million people, with six million more within its influence ; largely agricultural, in which few of the farm families handled more than twenty pounds a year in cash.

Soon the reports of their geologists told them that the mountains were bursting with fuel, coal, petroleum, natural gas, etc., and with iron and nickel and most of the mineral ores. There is a variety of clay for ceramics, of sand for every commercial use, of unmapped zinc, alum, salt, asphalt, magnesium and so on to the tune of £60,000,000, according to an estimate of the U.S. Bureau of Mines. Industry, indeed, has its eyes on the Tennessee Valley for other reasons besides cheap power. The future of this "unshaken commercial Christmas tree", as one commentator called it, lay in the hands of three good men and true, almost beyond the reach of political pressure. It was certainly enough to make the profiteers of the old Spoils System bitter.

They also saw "Muscle Shoals", a name made sinister by politics for years. The Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals, four hundred miles below Norris, was built during the war to provide electricity for munition manufacturers. It has a large phosphate plant attached to it. For eight years it had stood idle. The dam is almost a mile long, 137 feet high and its power house can develop 261,000 h.p. This dam was taken over as the first working unit in the plan which will eventually co-ordinate all the resources of the Tennessee River. Today it is supplying current at very low rates to several cities and, in addition, providing most of the power required to build Norris and Wheeler Dams. When these dams are completed and their reservoirs full, more generators will be installed at Muscle Shoals and its capacity raised to over 600,000 h.p., which will more than double its service to the Valley folk.

When the whole scheme is complete there will be no more flood disasters there. When the high water seasons are over and the reservoirs filled, the dams will be opened and the water thus stepped down the valley from dam to dam. With each step power will be generated and cheap electricity provided for the surrounding territory.

Unless one has seen the squalor of the "share cropper" districts, or the dust storm areas, or the sudden devastation of

life and property caused by such floods as recently hit Texas and Nebraska, it is almost impossible to envisage what a change would be made by the application of the T.V.A.'s experience to other areas.

But the start was not easy. Life is primitive in those backwoods, and very hard. Educational facilities for the young are scarce, new ideas come to the adults rarely and filter very slowly. The wretched shacks in which the mountaineers eke out existence can still be seen, not only there, but in dozens of States throughout the Union. Today, though, in the Tennessee Valley there is another kind of home growing up, wooden also for the most part, but well planned, built and equipped throughout for the fullest use of electricity.

Before there was anything to show at all the opposition had an easy time. The T.V.A. were strangers in the hills; before long they were being called "invaders" by the country papers which lived on Power Trust advertising. The chorus grew, long-faced lawyers descended upon the Valley to "warn" the population against the "amateurs" of the T.V.A. Politicians from the State Legislatures, men actually elected on pledges to work for lower power rates, were not afraid to "expose" to the villagers the "Socialists" who sought to provide an emetic for their ill-gotten gains.

More than energy was required to deal with such a situation, an even more important requisite was tact. The buying up of poor land and the eventual flooding of large areas under reservoirs, all this involves the moving of local inhabitants from familiar ground. When Norris Dam is completed the lake behind it will have a shore line of eight hundred miles, and six little villages will lie beneath the water, including the homes of three thousand families, twenty-six schools, dozens of churches. The buying of land is a commercial proposition, fair prices were paid. The moving of graveyards is another matter, there were several score "God's acres" scattered about the area that was to be flooded, over four thousand graves. Here tact came in.

The mountaineers are simple folk, they were not harangued about the matter. All the details were handed over by the T.V.A. to local ministers. The moving of each grave was accompanied by a religious service, tombstones and monuments were provided.

Nothing was hurried. And so, with the moving and rehabilitation of churches and schools, they looked better for the change. The same quiet help was lent the farmers themselves when they had doubts as to where and when to move. Labour for all this work was recruited from the neighbourhood and fair wages paid. Little wonder that the Valley folk soon became immune to the propaganda of their erstwhile masters.

When the first town was linked with Wilson Dam power, success began to succeed. Within a week of consumers receiving their first month's bill for T.V.A. power there were fifty new consumers! The little town of Tupelo is today not the only one "sold" on the T.V.A., but it was the first. Business men and householders found they were asked to pay anything from 30 per cent. to 75 per cent. less than they had previously paid to the private corporation. While rates are reduced, the amount of power consumed and the number of customers served are increasing rapidly. This means more business, less drudgery, better health.

Today in such towns as Tupelo or Dayton householders can use electricity for lighting, vacuum cleaner, refrigerator, irons, radio and other small items at a cost of about ten shillings a month inclusive. For some thirty-five shillings a month generous use can be made in addition of an electric range and water heater.

Yet another agency is directed by the T.V.A. to its purpose of "advancing the general economic welfare of the nation". This is the Electric Home and Farm Authority, which enables the consumer to purchase the best electrical appliances, if necessary on credit. To do this the Government has not entered the retail trade; it has contracted with the principal electric equipment manufacturers for supply of goods of guaranteed quality to be sold through dealers in the area of the T.V.A. The E.H.F.A.'s emblem includes the slogan "Electricity for All", and goods thus marked are only obtainable in areas where the utility company has a rate agreement with T.V.A. low enough to warrant a wider use of house appliances. Here, then, is a government-run instalment purchase scheme designed to stimulate both quantity and quality production and to lower rates.

There are today four counties and six cities located in three different States which are being supplied with T.V.A. power.

Some 350 other cities throughout the area have made application for it. These figures indicate that some millions of consumers no longer identify their interests with those vested in the private utilities. The final effect on the T.V.A. of the Supreme Court's decision respecting the constitutionality of N.R.A. is not known at the time of writing. It is safe to say, however, that if the effect is to cripple the Authority in favour of Mr. Hoover's friends, it will not be with the approval of the inhabitants of the Valley.

The town of Norris dots a wide hilltop, partly hidden in trees. At present it houses the two thousand men at work on the Dam and many of the executives, including Dr. A. E. Morgan. Widely scattered about are houses of varying sizes, none of them large, few of them, to my eye, very beautiful, but all supremely comfortable inside. It is more like an Ideal Home Exhibition than a Construction Camp, and as one walks about it seems still more the ideal community. Rarely indeed can the most assiduous traveller find such an atmosphere of contentment without sloth, and of freedom without its more obvious abuses. It is no exaggeration to say that one would need to probe no further into the T.V.A.'s activities than Norris itself in order to discover the guidance of exceptional men.

There is no place on earth where cheap sentiment would be more out of place than in this neatly planned-for-use little town of Norris. Dams are not built with gangs of archangels, nor do men set to constructive work in ideal conditions become inhumanly angelic. But Norris proves that they do become less inhuman.

Behind this co-operative enthusiasm which keeps on mentioning itself there lies, of course, an enlightened labour policy. On the Dam the men work in four shifts, five-and-a-half hours a day, six days a week. Negroes are employed in the same proportion that the coloured population of the locality bears to the total population. At Norris about four per cent. are coloured, at Wheeler Dam the percentage is nearer twenty. The negro at least should see a new deal in the T.V.A., accustomed as he is to be "last hired, first fired". All may please themselves about joining unions, and the relations of the Authority with union officials should serve as an eye-opener to the more stupid em-

ployers elsewhere, and notably to the textile bosses no farther away than Knoxville.

There is provision made for leisure time, that goes without saying. A large recreation hall is maintained for dances and other amusements, and courses are available for vocational training in agriculture, motor mechanics, carpentry, and many other things. Instruction is given voluntarily by the T.V.A. staff, and a great proportion of the workers are training themselves with a view to other work when the Norris job is finished. The angelic note does almost seem to sound when one finds the entire machine shop force requesting instruction from the training section. They stated that "the unskilled wanted training which would fit them for skilled positions, and the skilled workers wanted instruction so that they might be more useful to the T.V.A. and better all round mechanics". Shades of the South Wales coalfields!

The extent of the activities of the T.V.A. have been only touched upon, its scope barely indicated. Enough should, however, have been said to show that the T.V.A. is an experiment of a nature not merely to fascinate every American, but to provide lessons for other countries. As the National Education Association has said: "Of all the activities of the present administration it is the most constructive and prophetic". And just because of that and of what it implies it is the most venomously attacked of all the New Deal's children.

The majority of the Electric Industry are not looking for what Dr. Morgan calls "a change of outlook and a change of spirit". They are looking for excessive profits, and damn the consequences. "The electric operating utilities seem to be suffering from financial tapeworm", said Mr. Lilienthal on one occasion. "The patient always seems hungry, and the more he gets to eat the thinner he becomes. . . . This is not an elegant figure of speech, but the financial practices we are talking about are not particularly elegant either." The reference was to the "holding" companies which, in many cases, have come to manage the operating concerns. The abuse of privilege is flagrant, as the Insull case showed, and Insull was not alone. Monopoly concerns, supplying an indispensable service, have robbed both investors in the operating companies and consumers as well, in

wholesale fashion, by watering stock for various dishonest purposes.

Not all utility companies are so run, but the "robber baron" type of executive predominates. It is they who provide the most formidable opposition to the T.V.A. and their methods are not too scrupulous. It is not "socialism" they fear, but spoiling of the spoiler's game. Roosevelt is no socialist, he is a liberal making an intelligent effort to save the profit system; intelligent enough at least to see that nothing but violence and chaos can come from a continuation—as he puts it—of "that kind of rugged individualism which allows an individual to do this, that, or the other thing that will hurt his neighbours". The President has talked repeatedly of the T.V.A. as a "yardstick" whereby communities can measure the quality of service they are obtaining from their private utility companies.

There are other adversaries also. The coal industry, for example, is divided between those on the one hand who see that it must adapt itself to the coming of an electric age, and on the other die-hards who adopt the attitude of the hansom cab driver towards the taxi. The T.V.A. seeks always means of co-operation, yet once when Dr. Morgan was invited to attend such a conference he was met by the President of the Appalachian Coal Association with the words: "The coal industry is determined to destroy the T.V.A. It will destroy it by political means, by financial means or by any means in its power". No doubt the first inventor of the flint axe was welcomed in much the same manner by the more conservative members of the cave.

The problems which confront America are many and varied, economic and financial, agricultural and social. The germ of permanent cure for almost all of them seems to lie somewhere in the scheme of the T.V.A.'s activities. All Americans believe that the inherent possibilities of their country are unlimited. They undoubtedly are, but only at the price of stemming the present prodigious waste. And as to that Dr. A. E. Morgan, has wisely said: "Greatest of all wastes is that which comes when people fail to see the great possibilities and opportunities around them, and when, in that failure to see what might be, they resign themselves to things as they are".

W. B. YEATS: EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

By ERNEST RHYS

IT was at William Morris's house on the Mall in Hammersmith, one Sunday night all but fifty years ago that I met Willie Yeats (as we called him then) for the first time. There had been a Socialist League lecture in the long-hut at the top of Morris's garden, and I was invited to supper afterwards by that hospitable poet—memorable occasion for a young newcomer from the north country. A raw recruit in the London literary campaign, I held the author of *The Earthly Paradise* in some awe, and as he sat there at the top of the long supper-table he looked friendly but formidable. He might have passed for some great Norseman, and the setting with P.R.B. pictures and old tapestry on the walls helped to bear out the effect of the host of this viking feast. The bare oak table was lavishly spread, and the guests were numerous and strangely varied, foreigners like Prince Kropotkin, most urbane of revolutionaries, and opposite him a noticeably alert figure, ginger-bearded, Jaeger-clad—Bernard Shaw to wit (whose acquaintance I had just made in the lecture hut).

But the one figure that took my fancy was a very pale, exceedingly thin, young man with a raven lock over his forehead, his face so narrow that there was hardly room in it for his luminous black eyes. I was introduced to him after supper as an unknown Irish poet called Yeats whose first poems were soon to appear. We left Morris's door together when it was getting late and Yeats missed his train at Hammersmith station. But he did not mind that at all, and seemed to regard trains as things that came and went at random. He talked eagerly, continuously, in a soft Irish voice, quite content, late as it was, to walk on towards Chelsea with me. On the way he regaled me with two Irish stories in which I noticed how he relished the names, putting "a leaf on his tongue" (as the Welsh say) and lengthening out words like *Tir-nan-ogwe*. We stood talking until midnight under a

lamp-post at the end of World's End Passage and when we parted he was uncertain which way to go.

A day or two later he turned up with a book of Irish Tales—Crofton Croker's I believe, and we supped sparsely on cold bacon and cider. He ate as if by magic, the viands disappeared before I had taken a mouthful. He talked of Indian mysticism—of a wonderful seer called Mohini, and of “H. P. B.” (Madam Blavatsky); or again of Irish folk like Paddy Flynn who had the secret of happiness, cooked mushrooms on a turf fire and smiled in his sleep under a hedge.

In return he asked me to supper at his father's house in Bedford Park—the first genuine Irish house I had ever been to—all the inmates thoroughly in character, and his two sisters delightful. The father, John B. Yeats, was not only a rare portrait-painter, but a vehement eloquent Irishman, hot on politics. That evening he and his son wrangled over Irish Nationalism, which rather spoilt our supper; but of all the household, it was the mother with her strange dark eyes who seemed nearest in mould to her unaccountable eldest son.

His room upstairs had a ceiling crudely painted by himself with signs of the Zodiac, and his writing-table I noticed was even crazier than mine. But he had the art of making any room he lived in “a scene of himself”. He produced a copy of Sir Samuel Fergusson's poems, which he dearly prized, and gave me a little brown-paper-covered book *Songs and Ballads of Young Ireland* in which some of his earliest poems appeared. He read out one ballad in a curious sing-song—the *Ballad of Father John O'Hart*—

“There was no human keening;
The birds from Knocknarea
And the woods Round Knocknashee,
Came keening in that day.”

He reprinted it afterwards in a volume of Irish folk-lore, but it does not appear in his *Collected Poems*. His voice cast a *comether* over me, that and his faith in his poet's art. Compared with him I was but a undecided Celtic visionary, trying to adapt myself to the fashions of the moment. As he once said: “I use all my great will power to keep me from reading the newspapers and spoiling my vocabulary”.

About this time I had started as "Camelot" editor, and was very glad to rope in an Irish recruit. We planned together a volume of Irish folk and fairy-tales, which he did for the series—almost his first London commission. That was in 1888. In a letter he said : "Make plain to the mind of Scott (the publisher) that I have taken much trouble about the book, and there is original matter of value which no one else could have got—that is to say Douglas Hyde's stories—one of them the finest thing in the book, and some gathering of my own besides in notes, etc. . . ." It was one of the most original books in that original prose series in which so many young writers made their début. His own book *The Wanderings of Oisín* appeared within a year or two of the Folk Tales, and it convinced me there was the making of a quite rare and unprecedented lyric poet in its writer.

"There was a green branch hung with many a bell,
When her own people ruled in wave-worn Éire;
And from its murmuring greenness calm of Faery,
A Druid kindness on all hearers fell."

In the following winter we set the Rhymers' Club going at the Old Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, whose founders and first members were T. W. Rolleston, Yeats and myself. Other Rhymers soon joined up and when fully constituted, our rule was to sup downstairs then climb to a smoking-room at the top of the house, which we looked upon as the Club sanctum. There we smoked long clays or churchwardens, and cigarettes, and every man had a lyric or piece of verse in his pocket, which he read out, and we criticised afterwards. By far the best reader was Yeats, who intoned his verse with a drawn out haunting cadence. The one Rhymer we thought most of was Ernest Dowson, who usually came along with Lionel Johnson and one night read a poem with a refrain that became famous :

"I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion."

We had one formidable Scottish guest, John Davidson, author of *Fleet Street Eclogues* who told me with an angry laugh : "I hate the Irish nation". Yeats was his *bête noire*—perhaps he envied W. B. Y. his black raven's lock, for he had lost his own black hair after an attack of typhoid and wore a wig, which he once switched off his head to startle his fellow-rhymers.

Along with his Irish idealism, Yeats in those early years had

a congenial positive leaning to Theosophy. He was quite ready to draw one into the mystic circle, and his account of the High Priestess, Madame Blavatsky, left one full of curiosity about her and her secret doctrine. She lived then in Lansdowne Road, Kensington, and one evening we set off there together, and found a house not at all like my idea of a temple of mysticism. It was one of those well-to-do Victorian villas with large ugly rooms and an air suggesting a well-to-do bourgeoisie. When we arrived we were shown into a room from which the daylight was shut out by heavy curtains—in its midst a table covered with green baize at which four card players were seated under a powerful shaded lamp such as you see over billiard tables. Three of the players were extremely pale young men whose faces looked as if the ascetic discipline were affecting their health.

The fourth was the High Priestess herself, dressed in a plain loose black gown, with what looked like a black rope round the waist. Her powerful head, and face with Kalmuck features and sallow complexion had, under that staring light, an effect which would have been forbidding except for its gleam of humour. As Yeats presented me she paused in her card-play, held out a left hand, then went on with the game. We sat down and watched silently, but not for long, because suddenly one of the young men cried out : “ H. P. B. you’re cheating ! ”

At that she broke into a contemptuous laugh, throwing down her cards : “ Did you only find that out now ? I’ve been cheating all along ! ”

Still at the card-table, she asked if I was a believer in the secret doctrine, meanwhile rolling a cigarette with her tobacco-stained fingers and tendering it to me. I must confess to a qualm ; but the personality of the woman was all dominating and when she talked her words were touched with latent humour, or so one fancied. As we walked away, Yeats asked me how “ H. P. B. ” impressed me. But I hesitated. Isis was not yet to be unveiled for me, nor was this strange Sybil to be the predestined seer, while for Yeats Theosophy meant a new revelation, a spiritual deliverance. It was only a phase, however, in his career, while the Mysticism it connoted was an ingrained part of his equipment.

But it was Ireland, not India, gave Yeats his poet’s birthright

and mystical bias. He often came to my Chelsea rooftree (two garret's in Cheyne Walk with windows scanning the Thames) and brought with him tales from Galway and County Sligo, or maybe the rough sketch of a play like *Countess Kathleen*. He could picture a character like Shemus Rua to the life. "Willie Yeats and the Abbey Theatre between them", it was once said, "killed the stage Irishman!" But he conjured up a stage illusion just as wild, and in story-telling could be extravagant as the author of *King O'Toole and the Goose*, humour that often served him when helping to coach the Irish players. He loved the surprise motive, whether sprung by a fairy-finder like Paddy O'Flynn, or by the County Sligo Man he once discovered binding corn, "in the merest pocket-handkerchief of a field"! when the topic of ghosts was started. "Ghosts", said he; "there are no such things at all, at all. But the gentry, they stand to reason; for the devil, when he fell out of heaven, took the weak-minded ones with him, and they were put into the waste places, and that's what the gentry are. But they are getting scarce now, because their time's over, ye see, and they're going back. But ghost, no! And I'll tell ye something more I don't believe in—the fire of hell".

Like the Brontës, Yeats had a dual Celtic strain in him, Irish and Cornish, and he was proud of his descent as both earlier and later poems of his (e.g., in *The Tower*) tell:

"Having inherited a vigorous mind
From my old fathers, I must nourish dreams
And leave a woman and a man behind
As vigorous of mind; and yet it seems
Life scarce can cast a fragrance on the wind,
Scarce spread a glory to the morning beams
But the torn petals strew the garden plot
And there's but common greenness after that."

But *The Tower* and its ancestral memories must not blot out the London scene in which I so often tracked him. The other day I went again to the slummy Court behind St. Pancras, Woburn Buildings, where he had for some years his abode, two or three staircases up above a cobbler's shop, to find it much changed and chastened. The cobbler's shop was gone and Liberty curtains hung in the discreet windows that had taken its place. There once a week Yeats held a symposium, where one

met poets and players, and other cranks whom he knew how to set talking on sempiternal and temporal topics. Thither came Florence Farr with her psaltery to which she intoned his poems, Aubrey Beardsley, Æ., Edmund Dulac and Augustus John. One night I went down to the front door to let in a late-comer, and it proved to be a singularly handsome young stranger, Rupert Brooke, then a poet unknown.

The most radiant apparition that visited the Woburn chambers was that of an Irish Princess (for so she looked) who might have come straight from Tara on the evening I saw her—Maud Gonne. No taxis or motor-cars then, and her chariot was an old four-wheeler. It was her first visit to that strange slummy little court behind St. Pancras Church, which reminded one of the purlieu of St. Patrick's Close in Dublin. It was a wretched wet black winter's night, and Yeats had arranged a small party to meet her and darted out of his doorway in the rain to receive his guest at the end of the court. As she dismounted in dismay, a tall stately figure in green gown, a gold torque round her neck, a troop of dirty little urchins had gathered from nowhere attracted by this lovely "lidy" and called out shrilly for half-pennies. Useless to attempt painting the scene within that evening—the low dusky room with its kitchen-grate and bright fire—Blake drawings on the walls and tall silver-candlesticks on the table. The Irish illusion with that superb Irish rebel as mistress of the hour would have been perfect if only her favourite Irish wolfhound could have been lying at her feet.

The last glimpse I had of W. B. Yeats in his Woburn Buildings interior was two or three years later, and that night I found him alone. He had been reading an Irish play sent to the Abbey Theatre—the worse he said he had ever read. But he had found one magnificent phrase in it, only two words which were haunting him : *Dreamy Dish*. When I left to catch a bus to Hampstead he accompanied me along the Euston Road, and as we parted murmured with absolute oblivion of the London hubbub around *Dreamy Dish !* "

THE POST-WAR GENERATION

BY J. R. GLORNEY BOLTON

NOW that the long awaited changes in the Cabinet have been made many people are wondering why the comparatively youthful Mr. Hore-Belisha has not taken his place alongside Mr. Anthony Eden, Mr. Oliver Stanley and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. But Mr. Baldwin had a complex problem, and at least youth has not been ignored. Seven or eight years ago Conservative Back-benchers were bitterly criticising the Prime Minister because he limited his choice of colleagues to sexagenarians and septuagenarians. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, on his re-entry into Downing Street, displayed the same unfortunate preference, for Lord Parmoor was virtually the contemporary of Lord Balfour. Men of thirty were represented by Sir Oswald Mosley, and by none other. The son-in-law of Curzon, the dashing, aristocratic convert, took the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster—an office which an imaginative Labour Prime Minister might have reserved for some able Lancashire miner or cotton-spinner. The convert, moving still further to the Left, made an impatient gesture of resignation, and Mr. MacDonald, preferring the old whose views have hardened to the young whose views retain the feminine quality of change, was glad to close the ranks of the sexagenarians.

The years have since taken their toll. Sir Austen Chamberlain by his own example has reminded a long-lived generation that statesmen should retire at seventy. Mr. Baldwin, however deep his personal attachment to his own generation may be, was bound to turn to younger men in order to form this third administration. The contemporaries of Raymond Asquith and W. G. C. Gladstone are now in their fifties. Some of them, like Lord Halifax and Lord Lloyd, have already made their mark, and, indeed, the records established by the survivors of this war-beaten generation are out of all proportion to their numbers. But not enough of

them are left to form a governing generation. Mr. Baldwin must recruit men who, like Lord Eustace Percy, have already passed the age at which the younger Pitt ceased to live. But the men of forty suffered greater casualties than the men of fifty, and it will not be long before they in turn are succeeded by the men of thirty. The Prime Ministers of the next decade must fill the gaps which would have belonged to the "lost generation".

That is why the appointments of Mr. Anthony Eden, Mr. Stanley and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald are very much more than an experiment in Cabinet-making. Mr. Eden has already acquired a European reputation—"That terrible young man", said a foreigner, "with a passion for peace". Mr. Hore-Belisha is not unsuccessfully attempting to curb the warfare between the motorist and the pedestrian by the means of collective security. Mr. Stanley, a Conservative delegate to the first session of the Round Table Conference, showed a grasp of detail which only Sir Samuel Hoare could have rivalled. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald proved his ability at the Ottawa Conference.

At the moment Mr. Malcolm MacDonald is the sole representative of the post-war generation in the Cabinet. He and Mr. Hore-Belisha were contemporaries at Oxford. Between them, however, a deep gulf was fixed. Mr. MacDonald went straight to Oxford from School: Mr. Hore-Belisha belonged to the generation which had been "over the top". Many of Mr. Hore-Belisha's generation became ex-service students, and within a year of the Armistice they invaded Oxford, giving it a bitterness, a disillusionment and a worldly wisdom which it could ill assimilate. Mr. Hore-Belisha is not, perhaps, a faithful representative of this generation. He has too much *joie de vivre*. In politics his ancestry is Churchillian. As President of the Oxford Union he introduced to the immediate post-war debates an intellectual flippancy which they had not enjoyed since the great days of F. E. Smith. The proctors and their bulldogs, long familiar with the pranks of the adolescent, knew not how to deal with men of many decorations. They were too serious for horseplay and too independent for effective discipline. They left Oxford as soon as they could. Not for them the well-trodden paths to the Church and the Bar, still less the Army. They were

among the first representatives of the old professional classes to enter the City, where they work unknown to the wider public, which likes to discuss its political and social figures. Some of them, unsympathetic towards a peace-time England, sought in India and the Colonies a true arena for their talents. They went out to Kenya, where they suffered acutely from lack of capital. "Lawrence of Arabia" is by no means the only exceptional Englishman who in India found a temporary shelter from the tribulations of the nineteen-twenties.

Despite the invasions from Flanders and Mesopotamia, the Oxford Colleges could not forget that it was their duty also to accommodate young men who had recently bade farewell to the sixth-form room, and soon among them was Mr. Malcolm MacDonald. The older men were for the most part content to leave to the "post-war generation" the offices which are the prizes of undergraduate life, and when Mr. Beverley Nichols and his friends gained their footing in the Union, they attempted to laugh the seriousness of the ex-service student out of existence, and in their endeavours they found a natural, though unexpected, ally in Mr. Hore-Belisha. Their efforts to restore an exuberant tranquility to Oxford met with a partial success, but it was not easy to be youthful in 1920. The ex-schoolboys used to debate who among them was to be the first to attain Cabinet rank. Sometimes it was to be Edward Marjoribanks. At other times it was to be one of those unusually brilliant men of whom Oxford has heard nothing since they ceased to be President of the Union. It is uncertain whether anyone outside the late Prime Minister's family decided that it was to be a quiet and unostentatious undergraduate of Queen's, who devoted very much of his time to promoting the welfare of the Oxford University Labour Club.

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald has been wise in his choice of parents. In democratic days it may not be improper for the son of Scottish fisher-folk to found a political family; but the late Prime Minister should avoid Mr. Lloyd George's example of founding a family party. Otherwise, he may be embarrassed when Scottish Nationalism, like Irish Nationalism, trespasses beyond the boundaries of literature. Once again the youngest representative of Labour in the Cabinet is recruited from a privileged

class, and Ruskin College has still to wait before it can call itself a nursery for statesmen. It may wait for ever. The first Communist Prime Minister will almost certainly be an old Etonian.

In the House of Commons the post-war generation is rather more to the fore. After the last general election, it was found that members under thirty-five actually outnumbered those over forty. Mr. Robert Bernays, himself an Oxford contemporary of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, has described his first impressions of the new House :

“What an extraordinarily young crowd they were. Everybody seemed to have been at school with everybody else. In actual fact over a sixth of the House had been educated at Eton ; over forty members had been at Harrow. There had been nothing like it since the election of 1900. The “Governing Class” were once more governing.”

But, most emphatically, the “Governing Class” were not governing, for the old Etonians and Harrovians would then be rubbing shoulders with some two hundred Labour members. The House of Commons, like the House of Lords since the infiltration of Mr. Lloyd George’s Peers, would be representative of all classes of society. Mr. Bernays has himself admitted that “a Guy Fawkes dummy, if it had been labelled National Candidate, would have been triumphantly elected”. Not until there has been another general election can we tell whether the facile victories of the last election have permanently weakened the influence and prestige of Parliament—whether, in fact, the “Governing Class” are to govern not in Westminster, but in Whitehall.

The King’s Silver Jubilee has helped to “date” the post-war generation, which appears to have swamped the present House of Commons. It has given to the young men born at the beginning of the century an Edwardian character, and young men born a decade later—the “Coronation Babies”—look upon them as pieces from an Edwardian museum. When the Georgian writers of the future discuss the Edwardians, they will possibly refer not to the generation described by Vita Sackville-West, but to the young men born before England had completed her long period of half-mourning for Queen Victoria. We shall cease to speak of the post-war generation. And indeed, a change

of nomenclature is due : the Georgians are in peril of becoming a pre-war generation.

It must not be forgotten that the young men who were with Mr. Hore-Belisha and Mr. MacDonald at Oxford spent the formative years of childhood in an Edwardian environment. They lived in an atmosphere of comparative wealth, comfort and security. Middle-class unemployment did not exist. The Sabbath restrictions of the nursery were relaxed to an extent which shocked their great-aunts. They became Boy Scouts. They were confirmed at the age of twelve or thirteen. They went to progressive public schools where broadminded headmasters allowed them to hear something about the "social question". Mr. Will Crooks and Mrs. Philip Snowden—"quite a lady"—came down to the school to lecture on a Saturday evening, and when a close friend of their parents "hadn't a penny in the world", they knew that he was making a brave fight with only the present equivalent of six hundred a year.

After the War broke out Mr. Will Crooks could never lecture at the school again because Lord Kitchener was always asking him to address a recruiting meeting. Soon there were memorial services in the chapel for old boys "killed in action". The O.T.C. became more active than ever before, and growing boys of fifteen stood "on guard" throughout the small hours of the night. Distinguished Generals paid hurried visits and followed their inspections of the O.T.C. with stirring addresses. When a Bishop arrived for a confirmation service, he was sometimes in 'khaki.

It was not long before the boy born at the turn of the century became an adolescent. The gap of time narrowed between him and the old boys, for whom there were the set memorial services. The persistent thunder reverberating from the other side of the Straits of Dover took on a deeper significance. Newspaper reports of German brutality were strangely at variance with the conduct of a German airman who, sweeping over the school waved his greetings to those boys who stood on the terrace, too bewildered to take shelter. A prefect venerated by more than one Edwardian child confessed that he dreaded enlistment. Yet three terms were scarcely ended when his devoted juniors, then prefects themselves, trooped into the Chapel, and

as they listened to the conventional praises of his virtues, they decided that if they survived the War, which was doubtful, they would never preach to the young—a wise precaution, for it is possible that the clergy who supported the last war will also support the next.

Suddenly, the Armistice destroyed the spectre of the trench and the parade ground. The O.T.C. lost its swagger and importance. The food and the teaching improved. Life, it seemed, was about to become Utopian, and the intellectual products of this ill-educated and ill-nurtured generation prepared eagerly for their new careers at Oxford and Cambridge. They were proof against the bitter cynicism of the ex-service students, but they did not emerge from their war-time schooling emotionally unscathed. The vindictiveness of the Press against the beaten foe disgusted them, and they were among the first to establish a personal relationship with the students of Germany. They were all for Lord Robert Cecil and the League of Nations. Yet they were not impervious to the fashionable winds of doctrine. Edward Marjoribanks plied M. Krassin, the first Soviet representative to reach this country, with pertinent questions. Lord Birkenhead could secure a majority in the Union in support of the Black and Tans. Mr. Lloyd George won an even greater victory when he persuaded the Union that the Treaty of Versailles was essentially a sound one : after all, it embodied the imperishable Covenant of the League of Nations. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald pleaded that Labour was actually " fit to govern ". Differences between the Liberals and the Socialists at Oxford were not strongly defined, and when an undergraduate of Balliol proclaimed his Communist faith, Dr. Farnell, the indefatigable Vice-Chancellor, ordered his expulsion from the University. Among statesmen, however, the most popular speaker was undoubtedly Mr. Asquith, and the Oxford University Liberal Club quickly assumed a large membership. The Liberal party was in power before the War : it commanded the allegiance of Oxford after the War.

What was true of politics in Oxford was true also of economics. The school of " Modern Greats " was still in its infancy. The greater number who read Modern History attended Mr. Bernard Baker's lectures on the economics of John Stuart Mill and came

away with the impression that the case for Free Trade was unassailable. Post-war Oxford was as Liberal and as Free Trade as pre-war England. Yet the fortunes of the Liberal party were declining sharply. The post-war men distinguished themselves at the Liberal Summer School, but their efforts to enter Parliament met with increasingly disappointing results. A decade later the fortuitous return of Sir John Simon and Sir Herbert Samuel to a Cabinet committed to Protection enabled them for the first time to enter Parliament and so give Mr. Bernays, among others, the impression that "the 'Governing Class' are once more governing". At the next general election, however, they may be among the first to go.

The politicians were by no means the only members of the post-war generation to make a serious miscalculation. Brought up in the Edwardian atmosphere of wealth, many young men conceived it to be their duty to replenish the wealth squandered in the War. Until they had made good, they could not marry, for marriage means children, and children mean expensive school-fees. Maintenance of one's middle-class status is an expensive business, and so young men looked, almost for the first time, with disfavour upon the professions: they involved an exacting period of apprenticeship before there could be a satisfactory financial return. The prizes of the commercial world, however, seemed to be within every educated young man's grasp. Here was no lack of opportunity, though the brief post-war boom was ended. Business houses made a point of enlisting University men. The new and better-paid journalism eagerly embraced those who had vague social and political ambitions or those who, born ten years earlier, might have endured the hardships of a widely proclaimed clerical poverty: and what is Oxford but a school for modern journalism?

Adaptability, diversity, expansion were to dominate the commercial world, as Liberalism, Free Trade and the League of Nations were to dominate the political world. For some years the young men carried all before them. They improvised, threw away one job for another, scorned those who play for safety, travelled extensively abroad and returned to London only to make the sad discovery that the Londoner can retain the mental attitude of the provincial and suspect those who have seen more

of the world than himself. According to the economics which prevailed in post-war Oxford the more able a man proved to be, the more certain was his financial reward. Whenever a slump came, so the Oxonian argued, the least paid workers would be the first to go. Before the decade ended, events destroyed the validity of this doctrine. As the depression advanced, men well-entrenched in their jobs unconsciously combined to expel the improvisators. In war, whether military or economic, the best men may swell the casualty lists.

Mr. Bertrand Russell complains that "after dominating the world during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, intellectuals suddenly find themselves in the position of Xenophanes, wanderers without a home or a country". This is particularly the plight of educated men and women of the post-war generation. They have paid dearly for their refusal to follow the well-worn tracks to the Bar and the Church and to other professions which ten to fifteen years ago were open to them. By diffusing their energies in spheres where they are still considered to be intruders they have weakened the influence of educated opinion. The recently formed Oxford Society may help to repair the damage that has been done. Never was it more urgent that we should restore the leadership of educated opinion, and yet never did social and economic conditions so relentlessly conspire to destroy the leisure on which culture depends.

The lot of the post-war generation has been difficult, and its members watch with no little sympathy the progress of their Georgian successors; for at least they themselves were not haunted by the fear of unemployment as they played and read in Oxford or Cambridge. From this fear the Georgian is never free. It haunts him from the moment he has completed his first year. His studies are so directed that he fits himself in advance for an intensified struggle for existence in a world which can embrace the expert, but not the gifted amateur. The effects of this coming struggle upon the freedom and composure of undergraduate life are disastrous, but, at least, the Georgian is at closer grips with reality than his post-war predecessor, the child of the Edwardian period.

Unconsciously, the post-war young man set out to maintain his status as a representative of the middle-classes. He thought

it imperative that he should make good financially and for that reason judged it expedient to postpone marriage. His successor—who cannot remember the War, still less the Edwardian standards—is far less concerned with the middle-classes. He favours a class-less society, and he is shocked with his predecessor's hazy notions of economics. Times are bad, but he has learned to travel lightly. Often he marries young—and the unrepentant Edwardian in turn is shocked—because marriage means companionship, and it is during difficult times that a young man is most in need of companionship. He has thus a far healthier sex-life than his predecessor, and to him the recent obsession with sex is exceedingly distasteful and morbid. For him the “terrible twenties” are as remote as the “naughty ‘nineties”.

The tragedy of the post-war young man is that he anticipated a political solution to the problems of his generation, and his successor knows that the solution will be economic. The Georgian child has studied deeply where the Edwardian had only dabbled. For years the post-war young man expected the Liberal creed to be a passport into Parliament, and those who at last succeeded in entering Parliament nearly four years ago have made the unhappy discovery that momentous changes can occur when Parliament is paralysed by the complacency of a large Government majority. Power has shifted its centre.

It is significant that Mr. Noel Coward, who expresses the emotions of the post-war generation more accurately than any other playwright, should have produced *Cavalcade*, for the men of this generation are but an episode in the fleeting history of England. Already their successors have “dated” them. Their experience has been bitter, and their casualties have been numerous. It would be wrong, however, to suppose that they are defeatist. If it took them time to realize that the world for which they confidently prepared themselves has passed away, their early determination to avoid the ruts and their gift for improvisation have served them well. The majority have already remedied the defects of their early training. Now that one of their members has attained Cabinet rank, we can anticipate the emergence of several more talented and attractive figures in our public life.

Their experience is unique. Unlike their seniors they were not recruited. Unlike their juniors they remember the war only too well. For them war has neither glamour nor romance. Their pacifism is deep and instinctive. In the writings of Mr. Beverley Nichols it has taken the negative form of a refusal to fight. With the majority it takes the form of a demand for collective security. They have thought deeply and, it may be, they see more clearly into the problems of the future than those whose outlook tends to become exclusively economic. Their Liberalism—so little calculated to assure them careers—will help them to safeguard personal and intellectual freedom in a difficult period of economic and social transition; for they believe with Professor R. B. Mowat that “reform is always possible, revolution is never inevitable”. They will confer a great boon upon their successors if they help to bring this mad world nearer to a new age of reason.

INTERLUDE IN SPAIN

BY V. S. PRITCHETT

TRAVELLING third class in Spain one notices one peculiar habit of the Spaniard. He gets into the train, buys his cakes, his peanuts, or his oranges, lights his cigarette, looks out of the window and not until the train has got well away does he walk down the corridor and look for a seat ; he is on the train, that is the important thing. The parallel with his political behaviour is striking. If he is a politician he gets into the political game, makes himself at home and takes what opportunity offers later ; and politics, like the train, drag on monotonously until at last some dramatic mountain moment comes, all is speed, excitement, and drama, until once more things subside into the torpor of the lower levels. Spain is in one of its torpid periods now.

It is also a wet moment. The severe drought of this spring did not break until well after Holy Week, and when at last the rains came they came violently, turning the rivers of Andalusia and La Mancha into red torrents. In the villages people stood out in the streets and smiled at the sky. Even in Madrid, when you said, " This is awful weather ", people replied with astonishment: " Not at all. Good weather ", as if they had just come up from their farm. No more pleasing reminder that all Spaniards are provincials and their country agricultural, than a man of the city praising rain.

" And how do you find Spain ? Do you find it calm ? " they asked eagerly. " Yes. Calm. " " Calm ", they repeated to themselves thoughtfully. " Things are very bad. " I do not know for how many years I have heard these words, but this time there was truth as well as habit in them. Things *are* calm, and they *are* bad. Last year the peasants in Burgos were thanking God and getting drunk because of the superb harvest ; but it was so large that they could not sell it at an economic price.

This year the drought has spoiled half the crop. It is a left-handed blessing. Between Cordova and Seville the peasants were standing at the windows of the train looking at the fields, counting the good ones.

The Budget has not been balanced for fifteen months. Then Spanish exports to France are being reduced and unemployment is serious. In Almeria the director of a lunatic asylum announces that in the past few years his institution has taken in five hundred people "suffering from the effects of starvation". One knows the low standard of living in the south and does not suppose the state of Almeria is general; but there are villages of small proprietors in La Mancha reduced to misery. The government is doing something to alleviate unemployment by subsidising small public works—on a country by-road one finds a new and quite unnecessary bridge. But no large programme is to be expected; and obviously no serious attempt to deal with the problem of the big estates—*latifundias*—in the south will be made, for the enthusiasm of the revolution has gone and government and local power are passing into the hands of the conservative interests. Wages have already fallen to near their old levels in the *latifundias*; and one has the paradox that one of the richest provinces gives the peasant the lowest standard of life.

How low it is in Andalusia will be seen by these figures. The average wage for an Andalusian labourer is from 1.25 to 1.50 pesetas per day (say, 10d. a day at the present rate of exchange) plus, roughly, another 8d. for food. Food money is paid because the labourers are working many miles from their villages, and indeed cannot return to their families oftener than every few weeks. On land near the villages the wage is twice as high, and everywhere is higher during the harvests. In the intensively cultivated province of Valencia, which is well irrigated and is owned by small proprietors, wages are much higher; but the Andalusian has to reckon on 120 to 150 workless days in the year. Many, though by no means all, of the big estates are owned by absentee landlords, and the land hunger of the peasant is not unnaturally revolutionary. The problem is difficult because some of the land is not easily cultivable wilderness, and nothing could be done without irrigation.

Some effort was made to deal with the latifundias by the first republican governments, but whatever progress was made—and it was not much—has been lost. The government did not act consistently nor very wisely. When land was made available in some parts, every peasant in the villages around put his name down for a piece, and not only for his own village, but for others. "Peasant" came to mean the village barber, the cobbler, bar-tender, who know nothing about the land; and the old and real peasants cunningly sold them twenty-year-old mules and bad gear. Names were duplicated, and some men came into possession of bits of land scattered miles apart and could not cultivate under those conditions. These comedies of peasant greed do not compare in sordidness with the general history of the building up of the estates—a history of the expropriation of the poor, the grabbing of the good lands, the driving of the poor into the poor land of the mountains. But they are enough to show that "to give the peasant the land" is not a simple matter. The property interests were thoroughly frightened and took advantage of social disturbance to call in the aid of the hated Guardia Civil. The temper of the owners and of their town dependents has indeed hardened, and has become ugly. Much is made of the behaviour of those peasants who, with the blind folly of the poor, poisoned wells and destroyed cattle when the disturbances were at their height. And now in this feudal region the moment of higher wages has gone, the owners are in the saddle once more, pretexts are found for sending young men suspected of unpleasing political associations to gaol, and in Cordova the owners are accused of reducing the amount of work available.

There was no rising in the south last October—when the Asturian miners rose—partly because the peasant movement had been crushed. All the Spanish gaols are full of political prisoners, one hundred and thirty alone coming from one small mountain village I know in the South. Many of the men had been in gaol for seven months without trial. One woman told me that her son's crime was that he "had had words" with the foreman and the proprietor. When one sees the miserable cabin villages where some of the peasants live, cabins built of old tins, thatch, and sacking and looking like Berber camps, then

the uniformed and armed keepers—no doubt their arms are intended for game—and later, the obese and genial proprietor dozing half the day in his club in Seville, one is not surprised at any excesses the peasant may commit. One can merely reflect that the sun is good and the revolts unhappily futile.

The immediate problem of the present radical coalition government under the veteran Señor Lerroux, has been to restore order after the terrible events of last October, and this wholesale gaoling has been one of the means. Fifteen Socialist deputies to the Parliament are in prison, Socialist municipal mayors, councillors and officers have been suspended, the Socialist offices and meeting places—the *casa del pueblo*—have been closed, the Socialist daily newspaper is banned, the whole press is censored, and until a few weeks ago all political meetings were forbidden. Juridically the country was living in “a state of emergency”. Spanish Socialism has had its Vienna. The party has left the Cortes, its more enlightened leaders profoundly upset by the Asturian violence with which they had nothing to do, the rest in various states between disillusion and defiance. A beginning has at least been made with the trials of the Asturian and Catalan prisoners, which have been shockingly delayed; but it is only fair to point out that the delay has been caused by Señor Lerroux’s stand for moderation against the Catholic Right’s demand for the death penalty for leaders like Gonzalez Pena and Menendez. Intolerance and fanaticism—swinging to the other extreme of corruption and cynicism—are the essence of Spanish politics, and the Right’s demands for vengeance have sometimes been hysterical.

The Socialists’ “suicide”, a “suicide” of the only closely organized and powerful section of the Left, was regarded with satisfaction and a desire to give the party the *coup de grâce*. The few Socialist utterances show, however, that there is plenty of life in that party and no disposition to admit moral delinquency; and, so far, the influence of Señor Lerroux has saved the leaders from the sentence of death. An argument typical of the human element which bridges the disastrous intransigences of Spanish politics, was that since the Left did not execute the Right rebel leader, General Sanjurjo, in the early months of the Republic, it was a point of honour that the Right should not now demand the

execution of the Asturian leaders. It was Gonzalez Pena who broke with others into an Oviedo bank and removed an immense sum of money to finance his rising—that money is still circulating among sellers of forged passports for political fugitives, for bribes to the police and passage money for the smuggling of the rebels over the mountainous French frontier. The days of the frontier intrigues of the Carlist wars are revived.

The commutation of the sentences on Gonzalez Pena and Menendez to life imprisonment was the occasion of one of those minor political crises, those feats of political legerdemain, so frequent in Spanish affairs when the Government resigns one day, the cafés buzz like flies and, behold, the next day there is much the same government, its Ministers reshuffled. But the parties agreed to postpone the agony of the Cabinet until after May 1st, for they were anxious to see whether labour would strike or riot. The *guardias de asalto* were out in force, joy-riding through the streets of Madrid on their tenders, their sirens whining like the sirens of the American fire engine. Nothing happened. The day passed off peacefully. Days of rumour followed. It was said that the President of the Republic should dissolve the Cortes, but he has already done this once, and it is his prerogative to do so only once again during his tenure of office, and he is known to want to keep that ace up his sleeve. Logically there should be municipal elections before a general election, for large numbers of municipalities are in the hands of temporary nominees, but a new Municipal Act is necessary. Municipal elections are very important in Spain because whoever wins them can “cook” to some extent—but less than in the past—the figures of the parliamentary elections. Madrid discussed these matters cynically. There had in fact been an agreeable descent from the idealism of the early days of the Republic to more cynical levels, for this was the tenth cabinet to resign since the fall of the King.

In the end, what everyone knew would happen did happen. The leader of the CEDA, the Catholic Right, secured a place in the Cabinet. He had so far been content with office for his lieutenants. The dramatically minded asked: If the surrender of two or three seats in the Cabinet cost Spain a revolution in the previous year, what would be the price of a Ministry for Gil

Robles himself, the hated and suspected leader? The answer was, Nothing; the eternal Spanish, Nothing, nothing, nothing. The pendulum had swung back to indifference and Gil Robles became Minister of War in Spain, which has less danger of war than any other country in Europe. That evening among the crowds strolling past the packed caf  s of the Calle Alcal  , one saw an occasional Minister surrounded by his friends and hangers on, discoursing like some peripatetic Athenian philosopher—but with hat tipped back and a cigar in his mouth. There is little mystery of office in Spain.

The question is, What will Se  or Gil Robles and the CEDA do? Before last October the answer was some kind of Fascism; now it is, Nothing this year. His strength is that he has the rich and powerful backing of the adaptable Jesuits who, freed of the incubus of defending the monarchy, are fighting skilfully for the interests of the Church, which are, of course, identical with those of the propertied class. The Jesuits have already bought up many of the best provincial newspapers, and they are determined to reclaim Spain from anti-clericalism, Socialism, and indeed Liberal policy. The CEDA makes promises as seductive to the workers as Hitler's famous "points", while tempting the salary class and the rich with the assurance that property, the Church, and order are guaranteed. The programme, vigorous and attractive on paper, has all the allurements of a theocratic Fascism without uniforms, and attracts all the reactionary elements in the younger generation. Those people who are concerned with the immense impulse given to education which followed release from the repressions of Primo de Rivera are anxious about the future, for Spanish clericalism will put the clock back if it gets the chance.

It is more useful, however, to leave the paper proposals of Gil Robles and look at practical probabilities. He is young and impetuous and aggressive, of unknown capacities, but thought capable; he is a good orator—which counts for a lot—he has clever advisers and is a firm but subtle politician. His refusal to say during the last elections whether he was a monarchist or not, that is to say, whether he intended to overthrow the Republic, was masterly. It drew the red-herring of monarchism across the electoral question, and in the small towns the large monarchist

majority, always conveniently ignored by the Left, followed him. There is no question of a return of the monarchy. He has become Minister of War because he is determined to ensure the future support of the army, if need be ; for although last October showed the unexampled spectacle of the Army remaining loyal and undivided at a time of political upheaval, the loyalty was shaky and the conduct of some officers, notably in Oviedo, was incompetent to the last degree. The next objective of Gil Robles is the reform of the articles applying to the religious orders in the constitution. It was expected that his demands would be moderate, but one notices that if not in this, then in other matters, his general tone has hardened. It is not thought that he will ask yet the rescinding of the dissolution order against the Jesuits—they were not, of course, expelled from Spain, and they still run their schools, but as private companies as in France—but that certain restrictions upon priests will be removed and salaries paid to them as lay teachers. Nothing can be done this year because the CEDA would require a two-thirds majority in the Cortes to set the constitutional machinery in motion. Next year the chance is better ; the required majority then will be reduced to fifty-one per cent.

It has often seemed to those who, trying to solve the riddle of Spanish apathy and progress, without deciding with Lenin that violent social revolution was the only way out, that a genuine reform—not in the Protestant sense, of course—of the Roman Catholic Church in Spain must be one of the steps. Clearly the Church, fighting a defensive battle, is going to be something different from the Aunt Sally, beloved of old-fashioned anti-clericals ; the Church is indeed in many respects stronger than it was before the revolution, but whether this “ reformation ” is taking place is quite another question. How much is its sudden concern with social questions the result of fright ? If social revolution breaks out in Europe during the next war, will Spain be able to resist, or will it lead another counter-reformation ?

It is unwise in the meantime to suppose that the Socialists have been broken by the events of last October or that office has worn out the influence of the radical parties in the big towns. The revolt was, after all, confined chiefly to the Asturias and Catalonia ; and the Catalanian had the usual nationalist colour.

The gaoling of thousands of people has caused great bitterness, and a great deal of evidence about the ill-treatment of prisoners has been collected, which adds to it. The Socialists are as bitterly opposed to the CEDA as ever. The old leaders evidently fear the rise of new men, less philosophical and not middle class intellectuals, who will take Socialism over to further violence and to Communism. There seems no present likelihood of this. A recent political meeting which gathered in Valencia to listen to the ex-Prime Minister, Azaña, showed that an active Left policy commands great support. People thronged for miles to hear Azaña speak and many who could not come by bus or tram came on foot. There were extraordinary scenes. Valencia is, of course, Republican anti-clerical country—the fanaticism of Castile is not in the Mediterranean blood—but it is not surprising that financial interests, in their search for stability, are inclined to support Azaña as the guarantee against extremism. He can soothe labour where Gil Robles—as October showed—exacerbates it. October had this costly merit: it showed the Right that extreme reaction would not be tolerated.

Of course, the prodigious success of Azaña's Valencia meeting frightened Lerroux's coalition and particularly Gil Robles—whose own meeting that week-end was a tepid affair—and the government, gravely obeying the customs of the Spanish political comedy, have forbidden further meetings.

MEMOIRS OF THE GAMESTERS

BY DONALD CARSWELL

THE *D.N.B.* is not the place where one looks for a mythical personage, but one at least may be found there. He appears as "Theophilus Lucas, biographer", and is said to have flourished about 1714, but of his existence in flesh and blood there is no evidence except the title page and preface to a slim duodecimo published in that year by a London bookseller. The title, in the prospectus convention of the time, is "Memoirs of the Lives, Intrigues and Comical Adventures of the Most Famous Gamesters and Celebrated Sharpers in the Reigns of Charles II, James II, William III and Queen Anne, wherein is contain'd The Secret History of Gaming, discovering all the most Sharping Tricks and Cheats (us'd by Slight of Hand) at Picquet, Gleek, Lanterloo, Bankafalet, Basset, Primero, Cribbage, Verquere, Tick-Tack, Grand Tricktrack; and all the English, Dutch, French, Spanish and Italian Games, play'd with Cards, Dice, Tables, or otherwise. The whole calculated for the meridians of London, Bath, Tunbridge and the Groom-Porters". As is the way of authors of highly unedifying books, the alleged Mr. Lucas assures us that his sole purpose is to serve morality out of his bitter experience. For he has the best of titles to speak, having lost an estate of £2,000 a year by gaming, "and though it is now too late for me to curse my fate, yet having a Son who is the very next heir to 1,500 Pounds *per ann.* by the Death of an Uncle, I have also upon his account publish'd this uncommon Piece of Trickery and Sharping". And so forth.

One would be more apt to believe in Theophilus Lucas, Esq., his misfortunes and his pious purposes, if his name did not smell so suggestively of the Third Gospel. Everything about the book, indeed, proclaims it to be the work of a Grub Street hack. Not that it is any the worse for that. D'Israeli notes

it as a literary curiosity worthy of much more than the casual mention he gives it, inasmuch as "many of the tales of well-known characters are not to be met with elsewhere"—though that may be because the good Mr. Lucas invented them. The writer of the notice in the *D.N.B.* is putting it mildly when he says that they "must obviously be received with caution"; for I have remarked with regret that, where it is possible to check him *aliunde*, Mr. Lucas often proves to be a powerful liar.

Nevertheless, although an untrustworthy biographer, Lucas is a faithful enough historian of contemporary manners. It would be absurd to say that gambling was never so prevalent as during the later Stuart period. What can be affirmed is that never was it so crude, so reckless, and so fraudulent. Common gaming houses had not yet been declared by Parliament to be public nuisances indictable at law. On the contrary they were licensed, and a licence was easily had. As no games were then illegal, dice and card-games of chance predominated to the virtual exclusion of card-games of skill. Whist was beginning to be played, but it was too austere and intellectual—too much like work, in fact—for the gamester's taste. Further, the ethic of the age did not regard cheating as anything to make a fuss about. Thus, a great Lord Chief Justice laughed heartily when the suggestion was made before him that an indictment might lie for obtaining money by false pretences. "What"! he cried. "Shall we indict a man for making a fool of another?" Cheating at cards was a thing that even an officer and a gentleman might do without a qualm. If he were caught he would be involved in some immediate unpleasantness at the hands of his victims, but not in anything like social ostracism. The worst the cheat had to fear was that he might be tossed in a blanket or get a skinful of sore bones and have to lie low in his lodgings for a week or two, after which he could show himself in his old haunts with complete assurance. Of course his career might be brought to a sudden end as the result of a duel, but that might happen to anybody, and actually the risk was very slight, if Lucas's record is any guide. Only one of his heroes came to that comparatively honourable end. One committed suicide, and Tyburn claimed two, but the majority debauched themselves into the grave in middle-age.

There were notable exceptions, however, some whose ill-gotten gains prospered amazingly. The most scandalous of all, Colonel Francis Charteris, does not figure in Lucas, because he was only at the beginning of his career as a money-getter when the book was written, but three cases are reported that are sufficiently unedifying. There was Jonathan Laud, for example. He was an apothecary's apprentice of Lincoln, who, coming into a little money by his father's death, must needs set up as a gentleman in London. Of course, the money soon went, and Jonathan found himself reduced to being a gaming-house tout. Being, however, a youth of character, and reflecting that experience that has been bought and paid for may as well be used, he resolved to get back all the money he had lost and a little more, and then quit. This he did by means of a dice-box that looked like any other dice-box but wasn't. It answered so well that "having timely left off this destroying Vice, he marry'd a young Woman, with whom he had a Portion of 2,000 Pounds, and liv'd very happily with her at his Country-seat near Henly-upon-Thames in Oxfordshire till he dy'd, which was in June, in the Year 1704".

But Laud was not one of the great gamesters. Apart from hazard, his only first-class game was draughts, not, one would say, a very promising field for cheating, but it is said that he contrived to make it pay. He was not of the calibre of Colonel Thomas Panton, who is described as "an absolute artist" at every kind of card game, "either upon the square or foul play", and also an accomplished player of billiards and chess.

But above all his chief Game was at Hazard, at which he got the most money; for in one Night, at this Play, he won as many thousand Pounds as purchas'd him an Estate of above 1,500*l. per Annum*, insomuch that he built a whole Street, which after his own Name, he called Panton Street. After this good fortune, he had such an Aversion against all manner of Games, that he would never handle Cards or Dice again, but liv'd very handsomely on his Winnings to his Dying Day, which was in the year 1681.

Lucas might have added—though probably in his time the fact was not deemed worth mentioning—that Colonel Panton not only gave his name to a Westminster street, but was buried in Westminster Abbey. But so far—save that the date of his death should be 1685—there is no reason to doubt that the passage quoted is substantially accurate. We may accept also the two

anecdotes that are related of him. One is that Moll Davis, the rival of Nell Gwynn, once challenged him at basset. As a matter of course he let her have the first game, losing £150 to her, whereupon the hussy coolly swept up her winnings and quitted. But Panton got his own back, and more, later, when he induced Moll to play with him again, and managed the affair so that she sat with her back to a mirror. Her failure to notice this circumstance cost her £1,200. The other anecdote it is not possible, even if it were desirable, to relate here at large, but the gist of it is that Panton was a great amorist as well as a great gamester, but not so uniformly lucky at bed as at board. A ludicrous misadventure with a goldsmith's lady made him, it is said, the subject of a street ballad that enjoyed immense popularity for many a day.

On the whole, however, Lucas's account of Panton is scandalously untruthful. So far from being a needy adventurer who, after being jobbed into a commission at the Restoration, bought himself promotion out of his winnings at dice and cards, he had been one of Charles's companions in exile and already held the titular rank of colonel. Charles rewarded him with lucrative commissions in the Horse Guards and the Foot Guards, which he was allowed to hold simultaneously, but afterwards becoming a Roman Catholic, he had to resign them, which suggests that he had some pretensions to a conscience. After quitting the gaming table he speculated profitably in real property—hence Panton Street—and died a very rich man with several large estates in Herefordshire.

Still more scurrilous is the notice of one who was alive when it was published, Major-General George Maccartney. It was an atrocious libel even for the time, but it could be uttered with impunity, because Maccartney had lately had to flee the country, never, it was thought, to return, owing to his part in the mysterious Mohun - Lauderdale duel. He had been Lord Mohun's second, and the popular reconstruction of the affair, in which both principals were slain, was that the Duke, after fatally wounding Lord Mohun, had been treacherously set upon by Maccartney. Taking the view that there is nothing too bad to say about an object of public odium, Lucas invents with an impudence that takes one's breath away. Maccartney is

represented as an Irish Catholic of low birth, who got into the Army and gained promotion by unmentionable practices, a prodigy of depravity who, for example, "being a thorough-pac'd Papist, imputed Incest but a Venial Sin, or rather no Sin at all". The facts are that Maccartney, though born in Belfast, was not a low-born Irishman but a Scotsman of good family, an uncompromising Whig, and one of Marlborough's ablest officers. There is some evidence that he was not a paragon of virtue, and no doubt he played a good deal; but there is nothing to show that he was any worse than his contemporaries of his class, and even Lucas is unable to allege that his gambling exploits were specially distinguished. The best attributed to him is that he once won 1,590 pistoles from the Prince Eugene—not a large sum as gambling went in those days. Lucas expresses the pious hope that, although he is out of the English jurisdiction, "Justice may perhaps overtake him in the end and bring him to condign punishment". Sad to say, the hope was disappointed. After a few years General Maccartney was able to return to England and resume his career in the Army as if nothing had happened.

There was another general with whom Mr. Lucas was on surer ground, Robert Feilding, to wit, commonly called Beau Feilding, a distant kinsman of Henry Fielding on the side of the family that, according to the novelist, never learned to spell. "When Feilding was in the Land of the Living", says Lucas, "one might properly have called him a Volume of Methodical Errata, bound up in a gilt cover; or, rather, he was a Man's Skin full of Prophaneness, a Paradise full of Weeds, and a Heaven full of Devils". This heavy bit of rhetoric seems to mean that the rascal had good looks and engaging manners. That he was a rascal we know from more respectable testimony than Lucas's, and he was nearly as much fool as knave. His title to be described as major-general is dubious, resting on no more than that James II gave him a regimental command. At the Revolution he adhered to James and went into exile with him, but took the first opportunity of sneaking back to England to make a living by such wits as he possessed. He played, of course, but was not smart enough to do really profitable business at cards. His speciality was matrimony.

Becoming a widower for the second time, and having run

through every penny of the fortunes his wives had brought him, he resolved upon a third venture. There was a rich widow, a Mrs. Deleau, whom he fancied would do, but, as he did not know her, he had to employ a go-between, who wrought with such success that a marriage took place ; but General Feilding was considerably annoyed when his bride turned out to be, not Mrs. Deleau, but a woman of the town named Mary Wadsworth. At this juncture, however, he was consoled by the elderly Duchess of Cleveland, Charles II's old mistress, conceiving a tenderness for him. He went through a form of marriage with her, and lost no time in treating her as he had treated his other wives, which was very ill. His bigamy being discovered, he was convicted at the Old Bailey, but had interest enough to get a pardon. One good action and one witty remark are recorded of him, though the goodness and the wit were only moderate. When he died at the age of sixty-one, having for some years been reduced to living with his lawful wife, he left her the poor remains of his estate. For the witticism we are indebted to Lucas :

A certain honest Gentleman saying to him, " Considering how much money you owe, Sir, to Tradesmen, I wonder how you can sleep a'Nights for thinking on't", he reply'd, " I can take my Rest very well, Sir ; I wonder more how they can sleep to whom I owe anything ".

There was one thing to be said for gaming as conducted in those days. It was pre-eminently *la carrière ouverte aux talents* in an age when such careers were few. Big business had not been invented. It was at the gaming table that the enterprising and not too scrupulous young man of the people who wanted to get rich quick found the opportunities which the City offers his modern analogue. Take Richard Bouchier, for instance, a plasterer's son, who began life as a professional (and incidentally crooked) tennis player while in the service of the Duke of Buckingham as a footman. Having acquired a taste for fine clothes and the gay life and a smattering of genteel behaviour, he turned professional gamester and never had cause to regret it. He was one of the best-dressed men in town and passed for a very fine gentleman indeed. Soon he was playing only with the best people, and was particularly lucky with Royalty. In Flanders even the cautious William of Orange once dropped £2,500 to him in a single evening, but he did much better out

of the Elector of Bavaria, from whom he won £15,000. The Elector did not take it well, and even hinted some suspicions about Mr. Bouchier's methods of play. Now if Mr. Bouchier had a virtue it was that which Aristotle calls magnificence, and on this occasion he excelled. It grieved him to the heart that His Serene Highness should have any feeling in the matter, so, to show all was on the square, he was willing to toss double or quits provided His Serene Highness would spin the coin. His Serene Highness spun—and lost. He was obliged to ask Mr. Bouchier for time to pay, which Mr. Bouchier gracefully conceded. Lucas puts the aggregate of Bouchier's winnings at £100,000, which may be an exaggeration. The exact figure is immaterial. The point is that at an early age he was able to retire in affluence.

He purchas'd a very pretty Estate near Pershore in Worcestershire, on which he liv'd very handsomely and genteely till he was afflicted with an Asthma, of which he died at his Lodgings in Tothill Street, in Westminster in 1702, aged 45 years, and was decently interr'd near his Seat in the Country.

But for all his magnificence Bouchier must yield place to the perfect picaro, Patrick Hurley. "This unaccountable Sharper", as Lucas calls him, was the brat of a Cork chambermaid. She had loved a "wild Irishman", who married her, but always disclaimed the honour she tried to attach to him of being Patrick's father. The couple afterwards settled at Athlone, where they kept a public-house, and there one day young Patrick was espied by a great lady from her coach, who swore (having none of her own) that she had never seen so pretty and engaging a child. She adopted him forthwith, and gave him the education proper to a young gentleman, to which he responded as a young gentleman should—that is to say, he evinced a marked dislike for any solid learning such as classics and mathematics, but quickly learned to chatter French and Italian, and was apt for everything in the way of a game or sport. When he was fifteen his patroness died, and her husband, to assuage his grief, went for an extended tour of the Continent, taking Patrick with him, who was thus enabled to perfect his knowledge of the polite languages and the world.

This worthy peer dying also soon after their return to Ireland,

Patrick found himself flung upon the world while still under twenty, with nothing but his clothes and his gentlemanly education. He made the most of these assets. He began with the Dublin gaming-houses, but needed more scope than Dublin afforded. So after a lucky night that gave him £250, he took shipping for England. It happened that his port of landing was Bristol, which suggested to him (stout sportsman that he was) that he might make a bit out of the Quaker colony. That Patrick Hurley's limited reading had ever included the adventures of Tyll Eulenspiegel is improbable, but great minds think alike, and his notion for diddling the Quakers recalls the occasion when Eulenspiegel gave himself out as a master of all languages save the Greek. Hurley presented himself to the local Friends as a devout member of their Society who had been favoured by the Holy Ghost with the gift of speaking in tongues; but only, he was careful to premise, Christian tongues. Thus he ruled out Latin (because it was the language of the Beast) and Greek (because it was pagan) and Hebrew (because it was the tongue of those who had rejected and crucified the Saviour) and Arabic (because it was blasphemous, being the language of the Koran). As he could speak several European languages fluently he was much admired until a low-minded Friend from Wales, who harboured the notion that Welsh was a Christian tongue, invited him to read and translate from a Welsh Bible. This unfortunate test decided Hurley to move on to London without delay. He did very well there, clearing £5,000 in eighteen months, and being second to none in the elegance of his clothes and equipage.

But Patrick Hurley was one of those people who can never stay very long in one place. Whether from *Wanderlust* or prudence or a mixture of both, we find him next at Versailles, passing himself off and being accepted as the Earl of Donegal. He had a great time.

He won in less than six months above six Thousand Pistoles (£4,800), besides eleven Hundred Pistoles (£880) from the Pretender, more from the Duke of Berwick, the Duke of Vendosme, the Mareschal Villeroy and the Mareschal Villars. In such Repute was he among the Nobility, that having the Honour once of playing with His Most Christian Majesty, he won of him in One Night Fourteen Thousand Pistoles (£11,200).

It will hardly surprise the reader to learn that "after this Success, not holding it any longer convenient to stay at the Court of

France", Hurley transferred his activities to Italy, and *ex majore cautela* changed his name and title. He is now Viscount Dillon of Costello—always the patriotic Irishman, mark you. At Venice the Doge proved even more profitable than Louis XIV, being worth £1,500 for one evening at ombre. This was the high-water mark in the tide of Hurley's affairs. At Naples, it is true, he is said to have won 3,900 ducatoons (£500) from a Jewish banker in four hours, -but the ebb set in very fast. When at length he got back to London, he found to his discomfiture that he had by no means been forgotten. People were so shy of playing with him that he was reduced to common frauds, the profits of which were not on the scale to which he was accustomed. His career ended ingloriously. A little swindle that miscarried having landed him in a year's hard labour in Bridewell, he contrived to escape and was never heard of again.

A generation earlier there had been a compatriot of Hurley's whose career was similar, but more sordid and less fortunate. He called himself "Major" Clancy, but does not appear ever to have held any military appointment. A poor lad of Kilkenny, he was taken on as page by a French nobleman who happened to be in Ireland during the troubles of 1641. Afterwards he accompanied his master to France, and for several years was strictly honest and industrious. But one day he was tempted to dress up in his master's clothes, and the sight of himself in the mirror so pleased him that he resolved to turn gentleman. He accordingly absconded with the clothes and all the cash and portable articles of value he could lay hands on. He was a plausible rogue, who turned his hand to swindling of any kind. He began his operations in Ireland, but soon came to London. Having been thrown into the Marshalsea for debt, he wooed and won the head-jailer's daughter, and got her to help him to escape, rob her father and elope with him to Holland. There Clancy deserted her and went to Italy, where his principal stroke was to swindle the Grand Duke of Tuscany of a thousand dollars by means of cogged dice. A few years later he had the impudence to show himself in London again, and made a great deal of money at hazard. But, like Hurley, he overdid it. He was hanged at Tyburn for seducing a servant girl to rob her master.

By far the most amusing rogue in Lucas's gallery is Justice

Higden, so called because he belonged to that notorious order of licensed thieves, the Justices of the Peace for Middlesex, or "trading justices". Before that he had been an officer in the Army, and before that again a student of the Middle Temple, so that at least he had some *scintilla juris* about him, which was more than most of his gang could say.

But here arises an interesting little question for those who like the byways of literary biography. Is Lucas's Justice Higden the same person as "my ingenious friend, Henry Higden, Esq.", for whose translation of Juvenal's Tenth Satire Dryden wrote commendatory verses? Of this gentleman, Baker's *Biographia Dramatica* (vol. I, 333-4) tells us that he

was a member of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple during the reigns of James II and King William III. He was a person of great wit, an agreeable and facetious companion, and well known to all the sprightly and conversible part of the town. He was the author of one dramatic piece, entitled *The Wary Widow* (1693) and, indeed, his fondness for the convivial and social delights seemed to show itself very apparent even in the conduct of his play; for he had introduced so many drinking scenes into it that the performers got drunk before the end of the third act, and, being unable to proceed with the representation, were obliged to dismiss the audience.

But the preface which Higden wrote for the play, when presently he published it, is silent on this point. The fiasco is attributed to the ill-will of the partisans of Congreve. Sedley and other friends contributed consolatory verses about the horridness of mob law in art, and one of them observed:

Let men of sense give o'er th' uncertain game
Where wits with fools at hazard play for fame.
Upon the square you may throw out Old Nick,
Therefore wise gamesters have resort to trick.

One may fancy a sly dig at the author here.

Higden was more celebrated as a practical joker than as a gamester, but unfortunately most of his pranks are too indecent for repetition, though one cannot but admire their ingenuity and daring. The end of "this comical Spark" was most pathetic. He fell upon evil days and "afterwards, to make himself as miserable as he could, he turn'd Poet, when, going into Ireland, he writ there a Play or two, and shortly after dy'd there very poor in 1703, aged 44."

NAZIS WITHOUT A JEWISH POLICY

BY WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

AFTER more than two years of National Socialist rule, during which the persecution of the Jews has occupied so prominent a part in the programme of the Third Reich, the Hitler regime still is without a definite Jewish policy. It may sound strange, but it is nevertheless a fact that nothing is more vague and uncertain than the Nazi treatment of the Jewish problem. Jew-hatred in itself is no policy. It may dictate policy and permeate action. But it is not a consistent course of action pursuing clear aims and moving in a definite direction. It is one thing to hate the Jews and another to know what to do with them.

It is chiefly this lack of policy that has made the lot of the Jews in Germany so difficult. There is nothing more trying for a group or for an individual than uncertainty; nothing is so conducive to a state of nerves in an intelligent highly-strung community which has been brought up to value method and order above everything else in life. It would seem that almost any condition would be easier to bear for the German Jews than the one existing at present, in which practically every Nazi leader makes his own laws or gives his own interpretation of existing laws pertaining to the Jews. The fact is that in no other field does the Nazi regime reveal so much muddled and chaotic action as in its dealing with the Jews. A few facts drawn from an endless number bearing on the more serious aspects of Jewish life under the Nazi regime will illustrate the position.

The official stand of the German Ministry of Economics as well as of the Government as a whole has been, practically from the beginning of the regime, that Jewish business enterprises, commercial and industrial, should not be boycotted or molested. Officially the anti-Jewish boycott ended with the spectacular

demonstration of April 1, 1933. This stand was taken by the Government not so much out of consideration for the Jews as out of regard for German industry and commerce, which cannot afford the luxury and waste of an internal boycott. Yet there is nothing more real in Nazi social life than the boycott of the Jews. To read the Nazi Press, to hear the Nazi leaders speak, one would get the impression that the several thousand Jewish enterprises still left in Germany form the greatest problem of the Reich. France, Russia, Austria, Poland, the economic depression, unemployment, none receives so much attention in German public life at present as the boycott of Jewish shopkeepers and manufacturers. It is made the acid test of loyalty to the Nazi regime. The Streicher Press goes to the length of stationing camera men in front of Jewish shops and photographing Germans entering them; later these photographs are featured in the newspapers as those of traitors to the German cause. And all this, while the Ministry or the Government is issuing order after order declaring that there is to be no boycott; that any business enterprise in Germany is German irrespective of the race of the owners of its capital, and that the Government is not at war with a portion of its population, at least not in the economic field.

Another illustration of the same glaring contradiction is offered by the operation of the so-called Aryan paragraph. This paragraph is one of the major contributions of Nazism. It stands out with the Brown Houses, the Concentration Camps, the S.A. and the S.S. as a distinctive mark of the Third Reich. Now, the Aryan paragraph as proclaimed in April, 1933, and never altered since, excludes Jews from employment in Government positions and state institutions. It also limits the number of Jews in the professions, particularly those engaged in literature, art, on the stage, and in the press. The measure, cruel and ruthless as it is, was never intended to operate anywhere else than in state institutions and in government bodies. Private enterprises of all kinds were expressly exempted from the application of this paragraph. Moreover, even within the limited framework of operation of the Aryan paragraph, certain definite exemptions were provided in the case of war veterans, who were actively engaged at the front, and their children. And yet nothing is

more flagrantly ignored and contradicted than the orders of the Government in reference to this measure. The Aryan paragraph is applied indiscriminately in private as well as in state institutions, and its exemptions are flagrantly over-ruled by Government bodies themselves. The official Nazi press is full of hysterical denunciations of private people or firms who engage a Jewish lawyer whom the Aryan paragraph has expressly exempted from racial discrimination because of his war services. Private hospitals and clinics are not allowed to engage even those Jewish physicians whom the Aryan paragraph has given permission to practise. The last remnant of Jewish writers, publicists, and journalists who had been allowed to work because of their war records was summarily dismissed on April 1st by the Minister for Propaganda and Culture, himself one of the pillars of the Government which issued orders to the contrary. Even humble Jewish working men and women who have nothing to do either with Government work or with the professions, and against whom the Aryan paragraph was never intended to operate, are daily being dismissed from the shops, factories, and offices where they are earning a poor living. And this is being done in open defiance of the frequent decisions of the Labour Courts (which, as a rule, still retain the old Social-Democratic tradition) that such dismissals are contrary to social morality and to Nazi law.

What is to become of all these people so deprived of their work and means of livelihood? What are they to do and how are they to go on living? Assuming that some of these people have made peace with their new status, difficult as it is, and are willing to adjust themselves to the new mode of life under the regime; how can they fit into the new system? Is there anything that they are permitted to do after all the innumerable injunctions against what they are not to do? What is the positive side of the Nazis' dealings with the Jews?

Soon after the Nazi upheaval a new and interesting movement arose among the German Jews. It was called the *Umshichtung* (change or transfer of occupation). Former professional men, physicians, lawyers, scientists, journalists, artists, all those who have been deprived of their work and means of livelihood, turned hopefully to skilled trades and to manual work. Trade schools

were started ; training centres were established and most of the dispossessed people flocked to them in order to learn some new and useful occupation which would enable them to live, no matter how humbly. The movement was popular chiefly among the younger Jewish people, those who previously filled the universities and academies of learning.

For a time it seemed as if a new hope had been born for these unhappy people, a hope for the construction of a new, simple, but healthy life on the basis of plain, useful labour. If the Nazi regime had had the slightest inkling of a positive Jewish policy it could have accomplished a transformation of Jewish economic life in Germany not less revolutionary and constructive than that achieved in Soviet Russia, one which would even have atoned in a measure for all the tragedy and destruction previously wrought.

But the Nazi Government has not only not assisted these people whom it dispossessed and uprooted, it has done everything possible to kill the *Umschichtung* movement. The trade schools have been suspended except in the case of those which are preparing youths for emigration to Palestine ; the training centres have been mostly closed, and the entire movement has been given a death blow by the order that Jewish artisans and craftsmen who graduate from these schools may not compete with Germans. The only effective and constructive way out of the tragic Jewish position in Germany has been cut off. The regime which has driven the Jews from their old positions has at the same time deprived them of the only means of escape into new ones. All that remains in the Nazi attitude toward the Jews is hatred and malice without a unifying aim or underlying thought ; in a word, a complex, not a policy.

The Hitler regime itself seems to be not unaware of the anomaly of this position. For months Herr Frick, the Minister of the Interior, and Herr Julius Streicher have been heralding the coming of changes in the Constitution to regulate the Jewish position legally and politically. This, according to Herr Frick, will be accomplished by depriving the Jews of their citizenship in the Reich and by establishing their position as that of alien " guests " or as citizens of the second class, in accordance with the principle of citizenship laid down in *Mein Kampf*. It appears that it is

only the present preoccupation of the Government with the bigger problems of foreign affairs that is delaying the introduction of this new measure. But even when it is introduced it obviously will not solve the real problem. In a State where the political rights of all citizens, non-Jewish as well as Jewish, are largely reduced to the raising of the right arm and shouting "Heil Hitler!" a political measure cannot offer a real solution. Jews deprived of the suffrage will not be in a very different position from non-Jews who retain it, but have no choice but to vote Nazi. Second-class citizenship is not very different from first class in a State where citizenship has practically been abolished altogether. Something more radical than political inequality is wanted to regulate the Jewish problem.

It is therefore to economic rather than to political measures that the Nazis are lately turning in search of a radical Jewish policy. A number of official pronouncements and orders lately made public indicate that the Government seem to believe that in this field of economics, too, they have discovered a solution of the Jewish problem. The new anti-Semitic drive, which was started soon after the Saar plebiscite and is increasing in intensity from day to day, seems to be inspired by this new discovery. All the recent anti-Semitic acts in Germany emanate from it and are directed towards a realization of it.

The new policy is simply this: There is no room in the fabric of the Nazi State for the Jews at all. They are an alien element in the Nazi social body, and they cannot remain there even in an inferior, second-class position. They must clear out of the Third Reich altogether. The only remedy for the Jewish problem in Germany is a large Jewish mass emigration until the entire group is liquidated. In a sense, this is of course, not new. A tendency to force Jewish emigration from Germany has existed ever since the establishment of the present regime. It was one of those instinctive acts of hatred which the Nazis have always followed blindly, even without a deliberate policy. But of late this tendency has hardened into an articulate programme, and instinctive hostility is giving way to a considered course of action.

The regime is also taking a more comprehensive view of emigration than is usually taken by Governments with a similar

policy. What the Nazis want and are aiming at is really not emigration, but an exodus of the Jews. What they would prefer and what would have suited best their sense of the dramatic, would be an act of Jewish expulsion such as was accomplished in Middle Ages. But unfortunately for them, expulsions are not practicable in Europe in the twentieth century, and the same end has to be achieved indirectly under the guise of the more civilized name of emigration. Hence the increased anti-Jewish boycott, the extension of the Aryan paragraph, the wholesale dismissal of ordinary wage earners, the scotching of the *Umshichtung* movement, the cutting off of every means of earning a living for the younger generation. All these and the many other acts of oppression which have been increasing lately are now finding an underlying and unifying principle. The screw is purposely being tightened everywhere, and at the same time every avenue of escape except that of emigration is being cut off with a view of fitting mediæval expulsion into a twentieth century dress.

In this latest effort the Nazi regime reaches strange paradoxes. Probably the most extraordinary of all is the fact that the Government actually promotes, encourages, and advances the Zionist movement in Germany. The Zionist Organization is the only political party other than the Nazi which is permitted. Zionist newspapers are not only not suppressed, but are flourishing, while non-Zionist publications are languishing. Zionist meetings are encouraged while meetings of non-Zionist Jews, even of the Jewish ex-soldiers, are suppressed. Zionist training centres which prepare Jewish youths for work in Palestine are permitted to go on with their work, while similar Jewish schools which train pupils for work in Germany are prohibited. The Government even relinquishes its ironclad law against permitting currency to leave Germany, and has entered into a special transfer agreement with the Zionists enabling Jews emigrating to Palestine to take out some cash from Germany. It is a matter of common knowledge, indeed, that Zionism is in a peculiarly privileged position in Germany now. The Nazi Government does not at all hide the fact that it looks upon the Zionist movement as the chief agency through which it hopes to execute its plan of a great exodus of the Jews from Germany. In a series of articles on the "Liquidation of the Jewish Problem", the official *Völkische Beobachter*

recently reached the conclusion that Zionism was the chief aid in such a liquidation.

In fairness to the Zionists it must be said that until recently they did not willingly accept this favouritism. At least the more Liberal Zionists felt ill at ease with the active partnership with the Nazis into which they have been forced. But whether Zionists want it or not, they cannot get away from the fact that they share with the Nazis the underlying principles of National Socialism. The Zionist theory fully accepts and supports the Nazi claim of the "alienism" of the Jews in Germany and in other countries of their birth. Some Zionists frequently speak of Hitler as of a "Messenger of God" sent to further the work of Zionism. All Zionist activity is directed toward the principal aim of the Nazis: that of Jewish emigration from Germany. It was a Zionist scheme that was recently perfected for the mass emigration of all Jews from Germany within twenty-five years. So eager is the Nazi regime to bring about a Jewish exodus of this type that it is ready to lend its full support even to a Jewish social movement so long as it furthers such an object.

But despite all these efforts, emigration as a Jewish policy in Germany is bound to fail. And this not because of the slackness of the Nazis, but for reasons quite outside their control. Economic conditions the world over are now such that no country in Europe can possibly expel half a million of its inhabitants for the simple reason that there are no other countries ready to accept them. In the fifteenth century Spain, confronted with a similar Jewish problem, could solve it quite simply by means of an Edict. Even in the middle of the nineteenth century, Russian Tsarism could force an emigration of over two million Jews within a generation. But industrialism was then at the height of its expansion. The fields of capitalist development seemed unlimited. There was a shortage of man power and of products the world over. Every country overseas had its doors wide open to immigration and states were clamouring for people. The United States alone absorbed millions. If a similar economic situation existed now the Nazis could probably have achieved their aim (if Nazism were in existence at all under such circumstances). But the

situation is altogether different now. Capitalism is contracting instead of expanding. Every country in Europe and overseas has a surfeit of labour and is glutted with products. Every state has its own unemployment problem and keeps its doors closed tightly to immigration. Approximately 65,000 Jews have left Germany during the last two years, and already half-a-dozen countries in Europe have now alien and anti-Semitic problems. Germany can no more force a big Jewish emigration now than she can stage an expulsion of the Jews. She will not be permitted to do so.

Even Zionism will not help. For Palestine is small and it must serve as a place of refuge for millions of Jews from Eastern Europe whose need is even greater than that of the German Jews. Zionism was evolved primarily as a solution of the problems of East European Jews. German Jews as a body do not fit into a scheme of Jewish nationalism. In spite of the fulminations of the Nazis, German Jews are not a "foreign element" in Germany. They are probably more truly German than the Nazis. They embody in themselves the true, middle-class German culture of the pre-war period as does no other group in Germany. They are deeply rooted in German culture, in the German language, and in the German soil upon which they and their ancestors have lived for over ten centuries. They are bound to this home of theirs with ties of love which no other country can ever replace, at least in their own lifetime. Spiritual bonds of this kind are not broken by order of a Hitler, a Goebbels or a Streicher, even if it is accompanied by fierce persecution.

This is not the first time that Jews and other minority groups have suffered persecution, but such persecution has never been known to have changed their allegiance to the country or even their convictions overnight. Four hundred and fifty years after the expulsion of the Jews from Spain most of the descendants of those people still speak Spanish, love Spain, and regard themselves as the long-exiled children of that country. And yet it is expected that German Jews, who have had a still longer association with Germany, will forget their home overnight or in twenty-five years because the Nazis have come into power in Germany. The fact is that with all the inducements of the Nazi regime for emigration to Palestine, less than eighteen thousand German

Jews have emigrated during the last two years, and by far the most of them will admittedly go back at the first call of their beloved Fatherland.

The problem of the German Jews can no more be solved by emigration than can the problem of the German Socialists, Communists, Pacifists, and other opponents of the regime who are now suffering persecution and exile. Individuals will doubtless emigrate ; many will make their homes in other places and will eventually transfer their allegiance there. But no one would suggest that these various German groups must seek a new home, as a group, and that their only hope is in an exodus from Germany. The home of all these people, including the German Jews, is on German soil, and it is there that their problems must be solved in final victory or defeat. German Jews are no exception. They cannot be separated from the rest of Germany, and their problem can no more be placed in a special ghetto than they themselves. The Nazis, no less than the Zionists, are mistaken in believing that emigration can solve the Jewish problem, or that an exodus can serve as a policy in our days as it did in the days of Pharaoh and of Ferdinand and Isabella. The problem is not as simple as all that. In spite of their new discovery and of the new anti-Semitic drive inspired by it, the Nazis still lack a Jewish policy. One fears that they will still lack one for a long time to come.

THE CHILD IN THE STALLS

BY AUDREY LUCAS

MRS. SEDGEWICK sat in the stalls. She clasped her hands very tightly together. Her gloves were new ; she had bought them that morning at Marks and Spencer, and she tried, because of them, not to feel uncomfortable and out of place. But the stalls. . . .

When Miss Wallace, the young lady she worked for, had offered her the tickets, Mrs. Sedgewick had put her ugly, red hands behind her back and said, "Not in the stalls, miss. People 'ud think it funny".

"Why on earth", asked Miss Wallace, "should they? It's a *matinée*. And, even if it wasn't, people don't necessarily dress in the stalls any more. One can go in just anything".

Yes, Mrs. Sedgewick had thought, if just anything meant the kind of black suit that Miss Wallace herself was wearing over an expensive blouse of oyster grey satin, one probably could.

The suit had come from a Bond Street tailor ; Mrs. Sedgewick had seen the box, wondering at the time how a young lady who lived in such a hand-to-mouth sort of way could afford such beautiful clothes ; only there was no need to wonder really, because, as Mrs. Sedgewick had ample opportunity of knowing, Miss Wallace very seldom paid her bills. Bohemian, that's what Miss Wallace was, and that was why Mrs. Sedgewick rather liked her. People like that cheered one up a bit.

"In any case", Miss Wallace had gone on, "it's a pantomime. You certainly needn't worry about your clothes in a place full of children". Which only showed, thought Mrs. Sedgewick, how little some people knew. The very first to take note, if you was looking a guy, were children. But then Miss Wallace, in all those pretty unpaid-for things, never did look a guy.

"If you think it will be all right, miss", Mrs. Sedgewick had said meekly.

"Of course it will", said Miss Wallace. "You'd like to go, wouldn't you?"

A sudden radiance suffused Mrs. Sedgewick's unwholesome face. Miss Wallace thought this odd. After all, she reflected, those sort of people were always going to the pictures, and what could be more utterly crashingly dull than a pantomime? Thank God, her small niece had bronchitis and she need not herself go after all. She gave Mrs. Sedgewick the tickets and also, as a young man was driving her down to Brighton, the rest of the morning off.

Mrs. Sedgewick bought her gloves at Marks and Spencer. Then she went home, wrestling on the way there with the problem of how to make use of the second ticket. Impossible to take Mr. Sedgewick, even if she wanted to. He didn't get back from work until six o'clock. The children? Equally impossible, because there were four of these and, to take one without the others, would properly upset the apple cart.

The neighbours? That Mrs. Hanson wasn't a bad little soul. She looked refined, too, quite all right for the stalls, but would she be able to leave the baby at such short notice? Mrs. Glover? No fear! Not after that remark she had passed about the Sedgewick children the week before to Mrs. Barry. Mrs. Barry then? No. She was artful, always repeating the nasty things other people said, and, more than likely, saying as bad or worse herself. Ethel Bridger? A good-hearted girl, of course, but she got herself up like a tart. Mrs. Merrick, Patsy Smith, old Miss Soames? Gradually, as, one by one, she discarded her neighbours, an immense and daring resolution formed itself in Mrs. Sedgewick's mind. She would go alone. She would sit in one stall, with another, also hers, empty beside her. And this one she would make use of. She would put her programme on it; not, of course, her bag, because that might be snatched. It was her afternoon and, to perfect her pleasure, she would waste something, something for which she had not herself had to pay. It *was* her afternoon, more especially hers, because it was not an ordinary play that she was going to see, but a panto.

Mrs. Sedgewick sat in the stalls. The first act of *Aladdin* was nearly over. On the stage, twelve little girls with thin legs, not very clean about the knees, and thin voices, were doing a song and dance. They were not, to adult eyes, really pretty children and their movements had a horrible precision. To the cultured their accents were painful, and not one of them displayed the slightest gift or inspiration for what they were doing ; they might, in fact, just as well have been doing something else. The woman in the nutria coat, who was sitting just in front of Mrs. Sedgewick, closed her eyes in distaste, picturing the grimy ballet school where these anæmic little marionettes went through their jerky paces. Mrs. Sedgewick's eyes gazed avidly at the stage. The woman in the nutria coat opened hers to glance gratefully at her daughter, Clare, aged seven, who sat forward on her seat, her plump, beautifully clothed body taut with excitement. Her mother thought of the weekly class where Clare and other charming, expensive children, romped through dances that were entirely untechnical. Clare, her eyes fixed on the stage, thought, Oh, how lovely to do that ! Oh, I wish I was them ! Why can't I be ?

When the curtain fell on the first act's finale, she put her ambition into words.

" Oh, Mummy, weren't those little girls lovely ? They weren't very much bigger than me. Mummy, can't I be on the stage ? Mummy, why can't I be ? "

Carefully, and with all the self-conscious tact of the modern parent, Clare's mother began to explain to her just how and why this would be unsuitable. Behind them, Mrs. Sedgewick smiled, a smile that was half sour, half wistful, and whispered to herself, " The child in the stalls ! "

Mrs. Sedgewick had been a pantomime child. With a troupe of eleven other girls, known as " The Twelve Little Pansy Faces ", she, too, in a very short skirt, her thin knees never quite clean, had gone through those same jerky, doll-like movements, had sung in the same piping expressionless voice ; and, just for that brief period of her life, Mrs. Sedgewick, Connie Spence that was, had been a person of importance.

As the safety curtain fell, and the children around clamoured

for ices, Mrs. Sedgewick closed her eyes and remembered things. It was almost the first time in her grown-up life that she had had time to do this.

"Con ought to go on the stage", they used to say in those days that seemed so very far away, although Mrs. Sedgewick was now only thirty-six. How surprised Miss Wallace, who, behind her back, spoke of her as the hag, would have been to know this. Connie Spence, Mrs. Sedgewick remembered, had been quite a pretty little thing. On the skinny side perhaps, but with wideawake blue eyes and long ringlets of goldy brown hair. Connie Spence used to recite, "something lovely", as her grandmother described it; and she could pick up a popular tune in no time and sing it to her elders as they sat round the tea-table. No wireless in those days, and gramophones were a luxury, so Connie's singing was made much of. Her mother thought it sweetly pretty and it made her father cry. She was a neat little dancer, too, and people kept on saying, "Con ought to go on the stage".

After a little her parents thought, why not? It would be a good chance for the child, and her salary would help them along a bit. So they sent her to Miss Hilda Lemarre's School of Theatrical Dancing, and Miss Lemarre, whose real name was Lewis, had thought quite a lot of her. After Connie's second year there, when Miss Lemarre was making up, as she did annually, her troupe of Pansy Faces, she included Connie, who, for the next four years, was regularly engaged for panto.

It hadn't been all jam for those twelve little girls, of course. There were not so many County Council regulations then for the comfort and protection of theatrical children, and the rehearsals, when they were kept hanging about for hours in a draughty theatre, hadn't half been tiring. Some of the stage managers had been proper pigs. Some of the chorus girls, too. But others had been ever so nice, giving the Pansy Faces sweets, or a lend of their scent, telling them lovely tit-bits about young men and life. And one thing had been certain; there had always been a bit of excitement going on. A row, perhaps, between two important members of the company; or a love affair. One of the comedians drunk, and people running round the theatre saying that he really was a bit *too* thick; talk and

gossip all the time, naturally ; and pleasant, unexpected snacks of food. Nice, too, the journeys home with Dad ; Connie looking contemptuously at ordinary children in the tram, and talking shrilly about the theatre in order to impress them. A lot of petting and a lot of scolding, a lot of drudgery and a lot of fun ; that's what the life had been, and seeing it through the haze of time, it seemed to Mrs. Sedgewick that the fun had predominated. She wondered why she and the other Pansy Faces had always envied the children in the stalls ; the spoiled darlings, whose parents could afford to pay for such seats, who had boxes of chocolates on their knees and who, after the performance, were led away to be given large, rich teas. These children in the stalls had obsessed the Pansy Faces. " Did you see Miss Stuck-up in the front row ? " one would ask.

" Coo, lumme " ! would exclaim another ; " those kids in the stage box ! Smothered in lace they are. Bet you it isn't real ".

" And that little cry baby at the end of the row what hollered when the dragon came out ", would jeer a third. Thus, the hard-worked Pansy Faces, liable at any minute to be sworn at, united in bitterness and longing against the child in the stalls. " Soppy little things ", muttered Mrs. Sedgewick ; " we didn't know when we was well off ". The orchestra began to play again and she shut her eyes even tighter. Her memories were wonderful and very soon she would not have time to remember any more.

How proud Connie Spence's parents had been of her ! How certain that, from a pantomime child, she would be transformed into a front-row chorus girl, then, by easy stages, into a leading lady. How they loved to listen to the pert and airy way she talked about theatrical matters. How they gloated over the signed photographs given her by comedians and principal boys. How Dad boasted about her at his work, and mother to the neighbours. How even her brother Reg, who resented the attention she attracted, liked to impress his friends with her first-hand knowledge of stage affairs. All set for being an actress Connie Spence had been, but somehow it hadn't happened. She grew suddenly too big and gawky to be a Pansy Face any longer. People said, " That's all right. Give the kid a rest. Then she'll be ready for the chorus. A beautiful dancer like

her, too ". But Connie Spence didn't somehow grow up looking like a chorus girl ; her jerky little dancing steps and her tinny little singing voice didn't develop into anything better. Her mother got ill, and there was nobody but Connie to look after the house and Dad and Reg. Her mother died, and there was still nobody but Connie to look after the house and Dad and Reg. Her hands grew ugly doing the dirty work, and she was generally too tired and discontented to sing while she did it. Dad fretted after mother, and drank too much and lost his job. There was no money to buy the kind of clothes that Connie needed to look like a chorus girl. Then Dad seemed to go a bit queer in the head, and to take against Connie, and, when she talked of returning to the stage, he would look at her unkindly and say : " What, *you* ? " Reg married a girl who wore smart frocks and went to the theatre a lot, who would discuss actors and actresses that Connie had never heard of, and who, when Connie, with timid resentment, referred to her own stage career, would smile condescendingly and say, " Oh yes, of course. You was a kid in panto, wasn't you ? "

After Dad died, Connie, who had only her wideawake blue eyes to remind people of the Pansy Face she once had been, met Arthur Sedgewick, who was in the building trade and who had huge, damp hands and bad teeth. He wore, on Sundays, gloves and a bowler hat and carried a walking stick, and Connie thought that he looked like a gentleman. So she married him and had four children, and never at any time liked him very much. Even during their courting, Arthur was uninterested in the fact that Connie had been on the stage ; indeed, he hardly believed it, and thought, in any case, that it was not a nice thing for a woman to do. Proper actresses, of course, were different.

After they were married, Arthur was quite often out of work, and Connie had to help matters by working herself. She wasn't very strong, her digestion bothered her, and she never troubled about her appearance at all. She had too much to do. The most important and sought after thing in her life was the chance to have a few minutes to herself, but somehow she never managed to get them, and there had been no time up till now to remember anything. Although she and Arthur went sometimes to a play or a music-hall, and of late, a good deal to the

Pictures, this was the first time since the Pansy Face days that she had been to a pantomime. "Silly", she murmured, as the lights went out. "You didn't go to the panto then. You was in it". She smiled and hugged the dead glamour to her heart.

At the end of the last act, as she moved timidly out of the stalls, always keeping a look out for people who wanted to push past her, Mrs. Sedgewick heard Clare still demanding, "But why can't I go on the stage, Mummy? Mummy, why can't I? Mummy, will you ask Daddy if I can?"

A profound and humorous idea crept into Mrs. Sedgewick's mind; all those kids in the stalls, she thought, what we used to think so lucky. Maybe they were all like this one. Wanting to be in our place. Sappy things we were. Didn't know when we was well off. Very, very reluctantly she left the theatre.

At tea, because Mrs. Sedgewick was not a good liar, she told her family where she had been, explaining with a rather flushed emphasis that there had only been one seat. The children were inclined to take their mother's announcement ill. One of them surely had a better right to that seat than she had. But Arthur Sedgewick, who was in an unusually good humour, ordered them to shut up. "Selfish little beggars"! he said trenchantly; "your mum's got the right to a treat the same's you 'ave, I suppose. I'm glad you went, Con". Mrs. Sedgewick looked at her husband with startled gratitude and he went on, "After all, Mum was in panto 'erself once".

"Mum in panto"? "Mum on the stage"? exclaimed the children; for, so little leisure had Mrs. Sedgewick, who had once been Connie Spence, that she had never yet revealed this romantic fact to any of her children. With a lump of excitement in her throat, she was conscious now of the urge to reminisce, to tell about the good old days, even to boast and draw the long bow a little. But the children were laughing. They were almost uncontrollable with mirth. "Mum on the stage", they gasped. "Sez you"! they gurgled. "Oh yeah"! they shouted. "Boloney"! they yelled.

Mrs. Sedgewick looked at her husband and saw that he was grinning. With her ugly red hand she picked up the teapot. She wanted to throw it at him, and then, quite suddenly, she could not see his face for tears.

EBB AND FLOW

A Monthly Commentary

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

THE King's Jubilee marked not so much the close of a chapter as a new chapter's opening. First and foremost, the public demonstrations—of which the least formal were the most surprising—signified affection for the whole British way of life, which cannot be completely represented by any party leader, and evidently is symbolized to the general public by the Royal Family. No one expects Poplar and West Ham to alter their votes because the King and Queen drove there through shouting streets with children hanging on to the footboard ; indeed it is said that a decision has been taken to avoid all suspicion of exploiting such manifestations ; even that the King himself expressed his determination that there should be nothing that could be called a Jubilee Election. If this is true, uncalculated expressions of loyalty are getting the answer that they deserve, and the highest statesmanship will be shown by disregard of cheap and nasty vote catching. When the National Government goes to the country, people will vote mainly on what happened after the Jubilee and after the reconstruction under a new Prime Minister.

The Jubilee, of course, marked a stage in attainment. Financial stability is restored. Every currency in Europe, even the most strongly supported, feels the need to regulate itself in relation to the British pound rather than to the price of gold. Money is cheaply available ; there is already announcement of large scale expenditure in a field that has been almost shut down for years—that of civil engineering—but is re-opened because government has guaranteed the outlay and can do so because of the stabilization. Again, the Indian Bill has passed through

the House of Commons by such majorities as make clear that it represents the offer to India made by the nation not by a party in the nation. There has been no disruption. And, speaking generally, party rancour is more in abeyance now than at any time for years. Just for that reason, there has been no time when the nation asked more and expected more from the government.

It wants to see England asserting herself and taking the lead. It wants leadership, and by a shrewd instinct it welcomes the replacement of Mr. MacDonald by Mr. Baldwin.

Mr. Baldwin For the average elector knows that a man whose particular group makes a very small item in the Government forces, though he may consolidate a defensive position, cannot lead forward with the same confidence and authority as one who has a huge party following. Everyone knows also that, although the difference in the men's ages is negligible, Mr. MacDonald has lived incomparably a more exhausting life than his colleagues. From 1906 on, he was leader of his party, a position much the harder because the leadership was often only one of personal ascendancy not of official position ; whereas, for ten years after 1906, Mr. Baldwin was merely one of the Unionist rank and file. In other words, ten years more at least of harassing political activity have been taken out of Mr. MacDonald ; he is—by ten years—no blame to him, the more tired man of the two. What is more, he lacks the stimulus which a political leader receives from his personal following—no less potent than that which he gives. There is no doubt which of the two men is today physically and emotionally best fitted for leadership.

But public feeling would be quite other than it is if it were sensed that Mr. MacDonald was being pushed out of office by intrigue. The Prime Minister of these years of National Government has had a most difficult position, yet one circumstance tempered it—the disposition of his second in command. When the relation of these two men comes to be written, it will be one of the most honourable in political history. Mr. Baldwin has two great gifts. Generosity is perhaps more common among Englishmen than among any other European stock ; and no one

is more English than he ; but understanding bred of sympathy is not common anywhere. Yet, even when the two men were in opposition to each other, Mr. Baldwin showed that he felt the difficulties of a new party, lacking inherited traditions in the work of government, and the special hardship which fell on the leader of such a party. When the time called for a National Government to deal with a situation largely created by the Labour Party's inexperience, he realized that if such a government were to be kept clear of the tradition of party, the appearance of a party triumph could be avoided, if at all, only by continuing the premiership in a Labour representative. Both leaders had to face reproaches at that time ; but Mr. Baldwin knew well where the brunt would fall. He knew then what he has now impressed on the world : how much high courage is needed in the man who makes ready to hear himself called a traitor to his party and, what is graver, to his class. Probably never for an instant has Mr. Baldwin forgotten this. Probably, too, he has never lost his admiration for the Highland crofter's son who by his eloquence, his knowledge, and his personal distinction could more than hold his own in any European gathering.

Under the alliance called a National Government, hard things have been done : Mr. MacDonald, Lord Snowden, and Mr. Thomas had to take the lead in insisting that sacrifices should be exacted even from the very poor. Yet the rich assuredly were not spared by taxation. Recovery has been accomplished. Great Britain has got back its spending power, a new phase begins. There is demand for a drastic assault on the swamp of unemployment : there is demand also for definite action to prevent the risk of war. Either of these enterprises will strain leadership to the utmost.

Mr. Baldwin's dispositions are full of interest. Mr. Oliver Stanley, who had to fight an unpopular battle at the Ministry of Labour, goes to the Education Office and is replaced by Mr. Ernest Brown, an active Liberal nonconformist who has been successful at the Ministry of Mines ; while Mr. Kingsley Wood, whose efficiency in charge of the Post Office was conspicuous, becomes Minister for Health in place of Sir Hilton Young. It may be that this

**The New
Cabinet**

change is likely to increase the Government's appeal to the popular imagination on the side of its social work ; for, as *The Times* phrases it, Sir Hilton Young seemed to the House of Commons " cold, aloof, and disdainful . . . incapable of putting it across ". At the same time the House and the administration lose one of the most powerful and richly equipped brains I ever met in political life, for Sir Hilton becomes a peer and leaves office. It is quite true that he had no gift for captivating a crowd. For this an expansive geniality is a great help, and to have lost an arm at Zeebrugge (there are still people who remember that foray) and then gone on the Murmansk expedition, curtails any man's physical exuberance. Probably, however, other ways may be found for utilising this financial expert, fighting man, thinker, and poet. Lord Sankey, of course, as an ex-Lord Chancellor remains in full exercise of his great legal abilities. Sir John Gilmour, like Sir Hilton Young, is shelved early in a career of merit.

But, briefly, the reconstruction on this side does not lead one to hope for much more than some further gradual reduction of unemployment. Mr. Baldwin, with his usual
Mr. Eden's frankness, admits that the depressed areas still
Role offer an unsolved problem. It is here that Mr. Lloyd George believed himself able to give assistance and many hoped that his help might be enlisted. Yet Mr. Baldwin has evidently had two main objects through these : one to get a truce for party government ; the other, to keep the Tory party together as a live force, and probably, even if the idea of Mr. Lloyd George as a colleague tempted him (a large " if "), he knew that to include him would split the party.

On the other side, reconstruction is more hopeful. Sir John Simon leaves the Foreign Office where, somehow, he has failed to inspire confidence either at home or abroad. Sir Samuel Hoare succeeds, a promotion earned by remarkable achievement in charge of the India Bill. He may win fresh laurels ; but a very widespread hope is disappointed. Only two members of the administration have of late been able to affect the imagination of this country—Mr. Baldwin himself and Mr. Eden. This young man appeals to Great Britain very largely because of

his youth. It is among the young that detestation of a possible lapse into war is most passionate, and the mere fact of youth is a passport to the confidence of millions. Not unreasonably : for Mr. Eden, the League of Nations is not a new idea, he has grown up in presence of it, and his attitude towards it differs from that of the elder men. Sir Austen Chamberlain, for instance, says that he is aware of the League's defects, but does not see what we could put instead of it. That is the natural way for us of the pre-war generation to look at it. But Mr. Eden accepts the League as he accepts the British constitution, and every time he speaks one is conscious of his certainty, not that it must be upheld, but that it will be upheld as a matter of course.

Now, British foreign policy so far as Europe is concerned can only mean one thing—support for the League of Nations.

The Foreign Office What the logic may be in appointing one man to take charge of foreign affairs and another to look after the affairs of the League is in no way clear. It looks like asking for trouble in the Cabinet. But at least Mr. Baldwin has realized that the public would be ill pleased if Mr. Eden's voice in European policy were lessened ; so he goes into the Cabinet with this new post, and Europe will be glad to see him there.

In some ways he recalls the case of Sir Edward Grey, who also in his early days might have been produced to show the world what charm can be exercised by a well-looking, well-bred young Englishman, and how much resolution can be behind that frank courtesy. Like Grey, he has the talent for carrying an assurance of sincerity in all that he speaks. But unlike Grey he is not insular. He and Sir Samuel Hoare may prove to be a powerful combination. At all events while Mr. Eden is in the Government, British policy will not be half-hearted in support of the League. If further guarantee were needed, it is given by the presence of Lord Halifax at the Ministry for War. Lord Hailsham, who becomes Lord Chancellor, did not impress the public as a man of peace. Nobody doubts that Lord Halifax hates war as much as any Quaker ; at the same time we can all be assured that whatever measures for defence Lord Halifax thinks necessary will be taken with unflinching resolution. If it

becomes necessary to convince this country that further military preparedness is the way to prevent war in Europe, Lord Halifax and Mr. Eden will be listened to, wherever there is care for the League of Nations.

For frankly in the choice to be made between the League and a highly organized barbarism, controlling the latest resources of mechanical science, Civilization has an uphill fight. Yet, after all, it looks as if the League had won in Russia. What the consequences may be in Russia is matter for guesswork ; but they cannot be bad. For the present it is enough that Russia will range her mass behind the leadership of Great Britain and France ; and there will be plenty of other backing in Europe if leadership is given. On the other hand, if it comes to be felt that the only resolute policy in Europe is that of Herr Hitler—if the Nazis seem the only people who really know their own mind—penetration by German influence in the Balkan South-East will be rapid ; and in Italy the Fascists may begin to ask if after all their natural grouping is not with the other state in which all education is a preparation for war, and there is no nonsense about individual freedom. Yet, for a resolute France and Britain, there is no real danger that Italy will break away. France, however, is in no condition to set the example.

M. Laval comes to the head of a Ministry formed after ominous mutterings. He retains the Foreign Office, in which he has worked before harmoniously with Mr. Eden ; and his intellectual gifts are superb. But opinion does not credit him with the personal force of M. Bouisson, that *homme de poing* who failed to form a ministry after Mr. Flandin's defeat. Neither by the strength of his parliamentary support, nor by his own weight, is M. Laval likely to prove a supreme directing force. On the other hand, he may be an admirable collaborator. The immediate problem is to prevent Italy from taking a plunge which would certainly cost her as much money as the South African War cost England : and Italy's credit is very different from that of Great Britain in 1900. This, however, is Italy's affair. But it concerns all Europe that the fabric of the League should be threatened with such a shock as it has not yet felt.

It is plainly a test case. Without prejudicing the issue, one may say that Abyssinia has loyally accepted the idea of a civilized tribunal; and Signor Mussolini has unfortunately made at least one speech which appears to reject in advance any decision that does not go his way. Both France and England have old and friendly relations with this African state which is in a category by itself as being Christian, and which played an important part when the Mahdist fanatical rush threatened to sweep all European civilization out of the Nile valley. Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Eden, as well as M. Laval, have their work cut out for them. One thing, however, has to be remembered. The States where all individual opinion is suppressed, and there is no opposition, present a façade of formidable efficiency. They can move quickly. But they move at a risk of complete collapse. Herr Hitler's difficulties with the Christian churches—or with his neo-pagan followers—might become grave indeed if he were called upon to do more than threaten. Signor Mussolini's control seems even more complete. Yet I cannot feel sure that even Mussolini could carry Italy into a war which might lead to war in Europe.

Europe in these days has to get on without the advantage of advice from the United States. That nation today faces a situation not unlike that which arose in England when the House of Lords threw out Mr. Lloyd George's budget. There was a great deal to be said against that budget and for the House of Lords; but it is generally agreed now that the Lords neglected other and graver considerations. The Supreme Court are, it must be supposed, obliged to interpret the law without regard for the political consequences of their decision; politically, therefore, they are less blamable than the Lords were; but practically their decision may be infinitely more disastrous. Whether the President can find a way out of his impasse by use of the doctrine of "implied powers" which Hamilton preached, and can bethink himself of some sufficiently drastic expedient that is not actually forbidden by the Constitution, must yet be seen. But to the plain man outside America it seems that if the Constitution as interpreted by the Supreme Court is to uphold the interests of predatory

**The N.R.A. in
Jeopardy**

wealth against a President who wants to limit child labour and to raise wages, there is going to be a floodtide of revolt, which the President must head, if only to prevent leadership from passing into very reckless hands.

Meantime, while America is thus fully occupied with her own concerns, and Europe has enough to do in maintaining the struggle against predatory war within the European area, Japan uses the full freedom of her aggressiveness. All in the East appear to assume that she is determined to push her annexation to the Yellow River, and make Peking the capital of a Manchukuo possessing some score of million new subjects? Many believe that this is only a first stage in the heated imagination of her military party. A very curious and significant symptom is reported. The charm of Japanese courtesy has been praised by generations of foreign observers—and it may still exist among the Japanese, for their own intercourse. But they are said to have been treating the Chinese whom they subjugated with brutal insolence: and, now a deliberate discourtesy marks their bearing to Europeans. Every gesture is one of arrogant defiance. The inference is that Japan has determined to be entirely self-sufficient, and to depend for nothing on the Western world. Manifestly this is only possible if she can take what she wants in territory, markets and money. For the moment she is spending with almost incredible lavishness in Manchukuo; building new cities, which Japanese show no desire to inhabit. They seek a less severe climate. Some observers hold that in search of it they were likely to push westward across Mongolia. It seems now as if their direction was towards China's unresisting mass.

Mr. Hervey Allen, author of the much discussed *Anthony Adverse*, has brought out a revised edition of *Israfel*, his account of the *Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe*. Seven hundred closely printed pages are devoted to the record of forty-one years; so this, which Professor Saintsbury is quoted as calling the best biography of Poe, lacks nothing of completeness. Every ignominious shift by which that unfortunate creature staved off starvation, every folly by which he deepened his difficulties, is here set down by a faithful admirer who says in extenuation all that can be said.

Edgar Allan
Poe

Yet I cannot but wonder at the zeal which leads to choice of such a theme. A biographer must pass long months—in this case it cannot have been less than years—in close companionship with his subject, and to live in contact with a diseased soul cannot be agreeable. If it were a service to the man's memory, then the task might attract; but is any living man or woman going to like Poe the better for reading this book? Or understand better the work by which he survives? Poe's work has no more definite intellectual content than a piece of music. It carries its magic by the association of sounds rather than of thoughts; and the spell will work none the better for seven hundred pages of apology.

Yet many people find more interest in such cases of morbid psychology than in the study of genius bestowed on a robust organism. The world at large likes poets to be neurotic. It would sooner read about Coleridge than about Wordsworth, about Swinburne than about Browning, Baudelaire than Hugo. Possibly, however, Mr. Allen's record may preserve for women readers something of the endless appeal which Poe made to women, as it would seem, by his very weakness. There was nothing in him of the conquering predatory male, whose supreme example among the poets (where indeed the type is rare) was Byron. Poe languished for dozens and they languished back; yet at the same time he was the devoted adorer of his girl wife. All were anxious to protect him from a hard world, in which he perpetually and pathetically declared that he got no fair play.

In one sense Mr. Allen lets us see how true this was, but it was no special hardship. Every man who sought to live by writing in America at that time was the victim of America's determination to pillage European work; and publishers naturally refused to bring out what they had to pay for when piracy could get better wares for the annexing. Nothing but the urgent desire to utter what was in them, or the ambition of fame without reward, could have prompted men and women to write then; and scores of them wrote; the book is full of their photographs—men and women. Undoubtedly Poe was the one of them that mattered most; indeed, is there any other American poet that has mattered to the world outside America? His achievements in the short story have been rivalled by others of his countrymen

from Bret Harte on ; and in prose fiction today it would be a bold critic who put England before that other branch of the English-speaking world. But in poetry, what else has America to set beside "Helen, thy beauty is to me" ? There is not very much of it, and even that not all equal to itself. But when at last the voice lifts into final thrill, who does not answer to its call ?

" Ah, Psyche ! from the regions which
Are Holy Land."

At least Mr. Allen helps us to distinguish from Poe's early work and his later. In this, as in the angry sonnet indicting Science—

" Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car
And driven the Hamadryad from her wood."

there is a vowel-music clean as Coleridge's, untouched by the smear of opium which lies over the "Raven" and "Ulalume." These came from a time when Poe was young and clean and a valiant swimmer. It did not last long. Such as his life was, he owed its preservation to a woman, acquaintance with whom is our best reward for reading this book—Mrs. Clemm, mother of Poe's wife, mother also to him and a whole batch of incapables. America has preserved all possible relics of Poe, but has not yet set up a statue to this lady who, even in an old daguerrotype, looks as if Rembrandt had painted her.

Let us now praise valiant women. Vivienne de Watteville has claims to be considered in this category along with Mary

**A Watcher
in the
Jungle**

Kingsley, and more cannot be said for valour. However, Mary Kingsley's object, as she would have insisted, was science ; and what she wanted

was to observe at close quarters the life of primitive men ; Miss de Watteville spent many months in trying to come as near as she could to wild beasts, simply for the pleasure of watching them. In short, hers was an artistic impulse : camera records were a secondary consideration. But she had a camera whose range was only from fifteen to twenty yards, and so equipped she photographed African elephant and rhinoceros—even photographed a rhino charging. She lived for months in a tent round which three rhinos used to graze every night, while five elephants

lived in a swamp a few hundred yards away. It does not appear that she got on any sort of terms with any rhinoceros, but the elephants tolerated her presence and that of her attendant—who carried a rifle. She saw them at play, she saw fight or wrestle, she saw them push down trees when they wanted particular branches ; but all this was only possible so long as the wind did not carry the human scent. Then instantly there was danger which sight did not rouse. And, broadly-speaking, what was true of the elephants was true of all four-footed beasts. She could make friends with the birds, but to the beasts she was in the last resort an enemy. Yet she knew that there had been men to whom the beasts came as to their friends—hermits, in many countries and many ages. At long last, she decided that it was a question of auras. Living as she did, hurting nothing, away in the bush, still she lived with servants, with some apparatus of civilized luxury (such as tinned food), and, as part of her compact with Government authorities, having in the last resort arms to fall back on. Her conclusion was that the man who divests himself of all this, and of the desire for it, makes a change about himself or herself which is manifest to the brute creation. She thinks it is in his visible aura. Would it be indelicate to suggest that it may be in his effluvia ? But in any case her conclusion is probably sound that it is only at the price of a strenuous ascetism that the goal which she desired can be reached. Without it, the coolest courage and the longest patience can bring the human to no other intimacy than that of a looker-on unobserved, possibly ignored, possibly even tolerated, but always aloof. Still, a seat in such a watcher's "hide" would be worth paying a great price for ; and few books have made that clearer than this one, whose title is *Speak to the Earth*.

THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

TO SEA FOR PLEASURE

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

OF course we all know the yarn of that sailor who insisted that if a man went to sea for pleasure, he would certainly go to hell for fun; but we have to remember that the speaker was a case-hardened, tobacco-chewing, shellback of the old sailing-ship days, when life afloat was not exactly one grand sweet song, and the crew had to endure the vilest conditions of habitation combined with the worst kind of food that human beings can swallow.

Maritime matters have, like all things connected with transport, undergone revolutionary changes during the last hundred years, the last half-century, and even during the last twenty-five years. Nowadays travel is not exceptional but normal; going to sea, whether for passenger or crew, has lost its terrors. Men and women of all ages gladly pay large sums of money for the privilege of voyaging across wide oceans, yet our grandfathers rarely took passage if they could possibly help it; and they were very careful about making their wills ere setting out.

If, however, many of the dangers have been cleared away and banished, so that joy takes the place of fear, this is not to say that the sea has been tamed or subjugated by science. Even liners have still to heave-to during an Atlantic winter gale, and

never a year passes without some cargo steamer suffering trouble. The truth is that in all arguments the sea has the final remark, and is the dominant personality. Treat its laws with respect, and all is well; take liberties, and you will be taught a life-long lesson. For the sea never forgives.

Now in this age of luxury liners, organised on the principles of a large family party, with everything from good food to dancing and swimming-baths for indulging the senses, it is remarkable that the most daring and enterprising voyages aboard quite small boats have been made more frequently, and with greater ambition, than could ever have been credited. On the face of it there is an appearance of lunacy when a man leaves home, the society of his fellows, and all the security of land, to sail across the Atlantic alone without even a dog on board. What's the idea? Is it for a wager? Or just a foolhardy prank?

No; you cannot quite describe or pigeon-hole this kind of activity until you have yourself tried single-handed sailing beyond sight of land. It is animated by a divine madness, by an intense longing for open spaces, by a wild yearning for freedom, by the resolve to escape from routine and safety into the romance of uncertainty

and adventure. The man who does this sort of thing is not necessarily out of tune with life and intolerant of his neighbour, but rather otherwise. If he can live for weeks on end with only his ship for company—trimming sails, navigating, steering, cooking, snatching a few hours' sleep when convenient—he becomes no ordinary philosopher after communing with himself, the waves, and the winds, through several thousands of miles. Whatever he may do after coming ashore, wherever he may try to settle down, he can never view life as a town-dweller sees it.

Let us take a survey of the last forty years and watch this remarkable cavalcade of small craft making great voyages in all parts of the world. It is one of the healthiest signs of our civilized times that these trips have ceased to appear wonderful, and are recognised as sane, seamanlike efforts deserving of emulation.

The classic example was set by the American Captain Slocum who started off in April 1895 in the 37-ft. *Spray* and, sailing single-handed round the world, arrived back in New England three years and two months later. The world voyage of the late Captain Voss in his decked dugout *Tilikum*, covering 40,000 miles of all weathers and finally reaching the Thames, is no fiction but nautical fact. I remember Voss telling one of my friends that some of the worst weather his little boat experienced was off Margate; and when my eyes beheld *Tilikum*, even in a new coat of paint, this three-master did certainly seem more suited for the Serpentine than for the deep sea. But each of these men was a first-class sailor, and knew his job. Voss essentially was an adventurer.

Ships, small or big, will do all that

a man has the heart to ask them. When the American journalist, the late Thomas Fleming Day, some years ago sailed with two amateurs from Providence, Rhode Island, making the Azores in less than eighteen days, afterwards carrying on to Gibraltar and Rome, his friends had already said a tender last farewell and thought him worse than mad; for his little yawl, the *Sea Bird*, was only 25 feet long and drew 3 feet 4 inches. "Have these men no homes?" inquired a Moorish merchant, looking down from the Mediterranean quay. "Then why did they come in so small a vessel?" Someone standing by gave the answer, "They came for amusement—because they liked it." But the Moor took another look at *Sea Bird*, shook his head, and sauntered away. "Mad! Mad!" was all he could exclaim.

Just after the war an Englishman came and told me that, before resuming his business activities and getting back to the humdrum of living, he proposed to do that which throughout his existence he had always wanted to do: sail round the world. So he bought the 26-ton yawl *Amaryllis*, picked up a couple of other amateurs, and sailed across to the West Indies. From there he sailed via the Panama Canal to the Pacific Islands, Australia, New Zealand, and home again by the Indian Ocean, Red Sea, Mediterranean, Bay of Biscay. It was a very fine performance of 31,000 miles carried out between September 1919 and July, 1923. In the last-mentioned year, however, the 20-ton ketch *Saoirse* started from Ireland commanded by another amateur, crossed the Atlantic to Pernambuco, thence to South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, but also coming round Cape Horn for his homeward route. She is probably the smallest craft that ever sailed

safely past that notorious South American extremity; yet her owner is still alive cruising.

If you can stand this sort of faring, then the appetite comes whilst eating: the more you wander, the more incessantly the sea goes on summoning to adventure. Sometimes, too, the call is not solely sentimental. The immediate post-war period, instead of turning us into a State subject to Germany, left us still free; but the Central Powers economically weak. So four young Austrians, anxious to reach America and find jobs for themselves, built a 42-ton yawl which they named the *Sowitasgoht*, floated her down the Rhine, called at Southampton, and sailed across to New York. Here she was able to find a keen young purchaser who sailed her even to Greece, and then back to America. She had thus crossed the Atlantic thrice, and always with amateur crews.

One of the most interesting yachtsmen of modern times is Monsieur Alain Gerbault, the famous tennis-player. In a small cutter named the *Firecrest* he sailed entirely alone from the south of France, across to the United States, thence after the Panama Canal to linger in the Pacific Isles, and so encircled the globe till he was back again in France. Not content with all this sea-wandering, he had a bigger and better craft built, set out again, and his friends say that he loves the glamour and simplicity of the tropics too much for Europe ever to lure him northward. One cannot attempt analysing the minds of these enthusiasts, but their numbers are yearly increasing.

Another French yachtsman, M. Marin Marie, following in the Gerbault tradition, sailed his 11-tonner *Wini-belle II*, a few months ago, single-handed, from Brest to New York by

way of the West Indies; and last year a retired British naval officer, Commander R. D. Graham, in a 7-ton cutter named *Emanuel*, made a memorable achievement. With no one aboard, and having no motor, he sailed from Falmouth (calling at Ireland) to Newfoundland. To cross the North Atlantic from east to west, encountering all sorts of weather, sighting icebergs, and then continuing his cruise up the Labrador coast, seems amazingly original. It would assuredly have surprised the old-time shellbacks, as it did the Newfoundland schooner skippers, who received him with that special courtesy which belongs to the Brotherhood of the Sea. At the moment of writing, I find that Commander Graham, having sailed south to the Bermudas, thence to the Azores, is now on his way home towards Poole.

And so the story goes on through the ages. The call of the sea will never fail to be heard so long as there is timber growing in the forest, and canvas to be stitched. Men will go through the rough and tumble of waves, take a spell ashore, and be off again. You cannot cure them of this salt fever any more than you can prevent a boy from playing with boats on the Round Pond.

But let us be heartily glad that, in this age of comforts and manifold invention, there still survives the ancient spirit which has unlocked the world's geography, developed progress, and led to the peopling of new countries.

With all the brilliance of aviation, with all the annihilation of aerial distance, there is nothing so health-giving, so nerve-healing, so mentally satisfying, as travel by sea. And the smaller the ship, the greater the sport.

It is not practicable for most people to make these cruises themselves, however ardently they may

desire; but the pleasure can be indulged vicariously. For modern sea literature is growing yearly—preserving the old time spirit of our forefathers, and handing it down to a new generation. Mention may here be made of the following books among many others: *Deep Water and Shoal*, by W. A. Robinson, perhaps the best little volume yet written on sailing round the world. *The Cruise of the "Teddy"*, by Erling Tambs, is full of adventures, but it suggests a good deal of criticism. Alain Gerbault's *In Quest of the Sun* has long since become a classic in most civilised

countries, and Muhlhauser's voyage in the "Amaryllis" will be read with the same pleasure. Harry Pidgeon's *Around the World Single-Handed* in his 34 ft. "Islander" is a plain record of a splendid achievement; to which category must likewise be added Conor O'Brien's *Across Three Oceans*. *Atlantic Circle*, by Leonard Outhwaite, narrates a 14,000 miles voyage under sail.

All the above refer to essentially deep-water cruises, but for coastal voyaging in various parts of Europe there is equally a reader's list for selection and enjoyment.

AMAZING ADVENTURE

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

MORNING POST: "A biography that is far more than a biography. It is a tale of heroism which by reason of its fidelity to truth is stranger than the wildest fiction. The tale of Herbert's career as a submarine officer and submarine hunter is both thrilling and inspiring. 'Amazing Adventure' is amazing in very truth." (Illustrated, 18/-)

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AN AMBASSADOR'S DIARY

By E. H. CARR

THE TURNING - POINT : THREE CRITICAL YEARS, by Maurice Paléologue, translated by F. Appleby Holt. *Hutchinson*. 18s.

THE period covered by this selection from the political diaries of M. Paléologue saw three events of first-rate importance in the international field: the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War in February 1904; the signature of the Anglo-French Agreement in April of the same year; and the Emperor William II's provocative visit to Morocco in March 1905. These three themes—the weakened position of Russia, the growth of Anglo-French amity, and the increasing arrogance of Germany—are the recurring *leitmotifs* of the book.

M. Paléologue, afterwards famous as French Ambassador at Petersburg during the war, was at this time second in command of the Political Department at the Quai d'Orsay. As such, he was Delcassé's right-hand man; and Delcassé, the principal maker of the Entente Cordiale, whose photograph makes an appropriate frontispiece, is the hero of this volume. It is a fascinating glimpse into the day-to-day working of French diplomacy at one of the most critical periods of modern history.

French opinion had been divided, since the turn of the century, into two camps. The one, obsessed with memories of 1870, believed that France was in no condition to resist Germany in the field, and that there was therefore nothing for it but a policy of peace at any price. The other regarded war between France and Germany as inevitable and, since

France could not face Germany single-handed, saw the only chance of salvation in building up new alliances. Rouvier, the President of the Council at the time this volume begins, belonged to the former school. Delcassé was the protagonist of the latter.

Delcassé, abandoning as hopeless the task of improving Franco-German relations, devoted himself wholeheartedly to the double objective of keeping the friendship of Russia and gaining that of England. It may well have seemed at times impossible to reconcile the two aims. Antipathy between Russia and England was of long standing and deep-seated; and in October 1904, when Russian ships on their way to the Far East shelled a British fishing fleet in the North Sea, indignation ran so high in England that a rupture of relations, if not a declaration of war, seemed inevitable. French diplomacy exercised all its skill to efface the impressions of this deplorable incident. Both sides agreed to accept the verdict of an international commission sitting in Paris; and, since the verdict could not be in doubt, Russia made such reparation for the blunder as was in her power. The first stone was laid of the Anglo-Russian Entente of three years later.

William II soon recognised in Delcassé a dangerous enemy—the first statesman for many years who had infused into French foreign policy the qualities of coherence and a fixed purpose. The German counter-move was of two kinds: to flatter Russia and to intimidate France. William II had years before

hailed his "dear Nicky" as the "Admiral of the Pacific"; and he now gave him every encouragement to chastise "dirty little Japan which had the impertinence to mock at great and holy Russia." M. Paléologue aptly quotes the guiding principle of Bismarck's Russian policy:

In the Russian barrel there is always an alarming amount of fermentation which may soon cause an explosion. I should prefer that explosion to take place on the Asiatic side, not the European, as in that case we shouldn't get the cork in our stomachs so long as we kept away from the vent.

In William II's hands, Bismarck's policy proved a brilliant success. Japan and the revolutionaries between them reduced Russia to impotence; and in the summer of 1905, on his yacht at Björko, William cajoled the feeble and contemptible "Nicky," now thoroughly conscious of his weakness, into signing a private treaty of alliance with Germany. Only on his return home did the Russian autocrat learn from his Ministers that what he had signed was contrary to his agreements with France, and that he must excuse himself to William as best he could. These remarkable documents were published for the first time after the Soviet revolution. But as M. Paléologue's diaries show, the Quai d'Orsay had a pretty good inkling of what was on foot.

Just before Björko, William II had secured another striking victory. His intimidation of France enjoyed the same success as his cajolery of Russia. His demonstration at Tangier, where he publicly and ostentatiously referred to Morocco as a "free country," and his refusal to recognise the French protectorate, unnerved Europe and terrified France. Rouvier was convinced that war, in which France would be overwhelmed, was imminent and played for compromise. The German Chancellor sent a message of almost unprecedented arrogance that he would have no further

dealings with Delcassé; and in June 1905, at Germany's dictation, Delcassé resigned.

The creator of the Entente Cordiale thus made his exit at the lowest ebb of his fortunes, the policy for which he stood defeated and discredited. Russia had been immobilised by her defeat at the hands of Japan, and detached from her ally by the wiles of William II. England was still doubtful. In France itself the party of compromise and retreat had won the day. Yet, appearances notwithstanding, Delcassé had built too solidly for his work to be overthrown. The treaty of Björko was disowned, and Russia gradually recovered both her strength and her independence. Delcassé's successors found themselves compelled by Germany's growing demands to borrow his policy; and the same cause rapidly cemented the bonds of friendship with England. A combination of foresight, courage and good luck had given Delcassé his place in history.

The main drama which is unfolded in M. Paléologue's pages is so engrossing that incidentals recede into the background. But many episodes of lesser interest find a place. Among them is the story of the embarrassments caused to the French Government by the Russian Baltic Fleet in the journey round the world which carried it to its fate at Tsushima. There are also some strange sidelights on the Russian court life of the time, including the mention of an obscure predecessor of Rasputin:

A nondescript individual, a butcher-boy from Lyons, "Philippe the Magician," has played an unprecedented part in the private lives of the sovereigns during the past few years. Sorcery and incantations have figured in the proceedings. . . . I do not suppose that the sinister women's apartments at the Kremlin in Moscow have ever witnessed weirder scenes or more fantastic liturgies.

Altogether this is a book which provides good reading on almost every page.

NEW VERSE

BY EDWARD SHANKS

UNKNOWN LOVERS, by George Ros-trevor Hamilton. *Heinemann*. 3s. 6d.

THE CHERRY MINDER, by Frank Kendon. *Dent*. 2s. 6d.

X AT OBERAMMERGAU, by Humbert Wolfe. *Methuen*. 5s.

LIFE QUEST, by Richard Aldington. *Chatto & Windus*. 3s. 6d.

THE first two authors on this list will not, I hope, misunderstand me if I call them survivors. They are "Georgians"—in the narrow and rather misleading sense in which the term has been used by certain young warriors of the critical Press. Certainly, if Mr. Marsh's "Georgian Poetry" were still appearing at its old two-year intervals, they would be invited to contribute to it. More than that, they are also, in another term which has been used as one of contempt (though I could never quite understand why) "anthology poets".

What this means is, if I rightly grasp it, that their poems are short, and that each is an independent expression of poetic emotion; that some are better than others, and that the poets stand a chance of being represented, to a wider public than will buy their books, by their best work.

What, it seems to me, matters most is whether their best work is good. It is. I must not, however, continue to write of them as though they were poetic twins. In each of these books there is a distinct man. Both deal in personal emotions and personal relations; both choose for their visual background the countryside which has served most of the English lyricists. But the human

figure stands out distincter against Mr. Hamilton's background. It is, he says, when "the fair unconscious Earth":

Is troubled so, and trembles still
With those old storms of heart and will
That we, her sons, have known.

That I, who find excelling grace
Nowhere but in the human face,
Who look for meaning and replies
Only in human lips and eyes,—

That I, sometimes, being possessed
By alien motions of unrest,
Go lonely to the Earth, to share
Voices and visions on the air,

And commune, in her vales, with poets
dead,
And in communion be comforted.

Mr. Kendon's human figure melts more into a richer background, though without ceasing, as sometimes happens in poets of this sort, to be human. As here:

You spread your hands above the grass
Again, and in their little span
Lotus and potentilla flowered,
And thyme among our fingers ran
What cloud, what question touched your
mood,

Evading thought?
Dark on its hill-top slept the wood,
And still we heeded not.
When suddenly my wrist was caught—
We looked—and wonder made us dumb:
Up the valley, alone and afraid,
We saw the white fawn come!

I should add that both poets are among those who are deliberately content to risk saying too little rather than to take the smallest risk of saying too much.

Mr. Humbert Wolfe belongs to a different school in that and in other things.

He has been a good deal more copious in output than either Mr. Hamilton or Mr. Kendon. It goes with that that he should, equally deliberately, prefer precisely the contrary risk. He is also eager, as the "Georgians" rarely have been, to make poetry out of red-hot contemporary themes—which he fears no more than Milton, Wordsworth, or Shelley did. This is an attack, with all Mr. Wolfe's powers of satire and flowing eloquence behind it, on Nazi Germany. We are told that it "is not a criticism of a political system or of any persons connected with that system", but that is only Mr. Wolfe's fun. I cannot at any rate reconcile it with the poem on Reichsbischof Müller, with "Portrait of a Dictator" or with the very name of Hans Kanalgerruch:

Gangster by choice, storm-trooper, and
then putscher,

His civic occupation as pork-butcher,
Made it seem more than probable that he
might

Have been designed as Nature's Anti-Semite

By God and by His first Pan-German
Bishop

To visit Oberammergau and dish up
A Passion-Play, purged of the ugly libel
That the Jews had some connection with
the Bible.

Mr. Wolfe has in fact applied his great talents for fluent versification and brilliant rhyming to a vigorous and readable political poem.

Mr. Aldington, too, delivers an attack. It is, however, an indictment of the whole modern world, and the offensive, being too widely spread, mostly lacks force. It would seem that his technique is better suited for witty and deriding comment than for any deep emotion.

I like him best in such passages as:

Let's hitch our waggon to a spiral nebula
And live for ever backward

Faster than Light—

Oh to unsmoke that mathematical cigar!

Let's seek salvation in magnetic fields—

Skoal to the deathless proton!

Let's build a New Church

In shape like unto a lucky horseshoe,

And magnify the Lord, the Sacred Magnet,

With clouds of chlorine incense

And reverent muttering of surds.

Following, if perhaps not far enough, a distinguished precedent, Mr. Aldington refers us, for "the historical description of the life quest", to pp. 23-35 of *Human History*, by Sir G. Elliot Smith. I should have thought that the meaning of his poem needed no such aids to understanding. But, since I have no copy of *Human History* at hand, I may have missed some deeper meaning. If it exists, however, it would only add to, not erase, the superficial significance, which any reader may gather, that the human race has taken a wrong turning. What Mr. Aldington wants us to do about it is, unfortunately, not at all clear and I doubt whether Sir G. Elliot Smith himself would give us much help.

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EARLY ONE MORNING IN THE SPRING, by Walter de la Mare. *Faber & Faber*. 21s.

FROM the outset the writings of Mr. de la Mare have evidenced not only the creative faculty but (if there is a clear distinction) the adventurous appreciation of literature. Of late years, apparently, Mr. de la Mare has grown more inclined to annotate the book of life as it has been written by other hands. His great knowledge of this repository—he will forgive so defunctive a term—has yielded a series of anthologizings, peculiarly his own in selection and style, of which *Early One Morning* is the latest and possibly the most remarkable. The sub-title runs, "Chapters on Children and on Childhood as it is revealed in particular in Early Memories and in Early Writings."

Here, without dogmatic invention, uniting the studious and the inspired, Mr. de la Mare considers those stranger than dream children who inhabit this earth. He does not, as some would like to assert he would inevitably do, view the young of *Homo sapiens* only as beautiful apparitions. He observes the child, through his authorities and through his own additions, in aspects which professional humorists have found useful. Some of his pages bear the heading "Sin," a topic which does not disturb the genial tranquillity of his speculation. His characteristic registration of painful experience, again, makes his book anything but a long paraphrase of Intimations of Immortality. How unhappy a chance it is for the present reviewer to accompany Mr. de la Mare to old Christ's Hospital, only to be witness of a piece of insensate bullying! That, too, was a part of childhood; and such things, different in appearance and circumstance, may ever be; for nobody quite knows what is in the mind of the child, for better or for worse, except Energy.

In so capacious a volume, Mr. de la

Mare has time to muse of many things. He is not solely engaged in contemplating the very young. He may be found indulging in a panegyric of Francis Galton—not a verbal ceremony but a recital of biographical facts, which instantly illustrate "the moral and the mystery of man." Bookmen abound, undeterred by the plethora of their materials; but Mr. de la Mare could compare with the most curious collector who ever read the books he collected. *Early One Morning* is not a stated attempt at comprehensive research, but during its course Mr. de la Mare leads the way to a variety of authors, ancient and modern, beyond the powers of commonplace diligence to trace or to dispose. Sometimes he produces as valuable contributors to his subject authors of whom one might otherwise have denied that they ever were children. Still, as he says in one of his graver moments, "Every miserable poisoner who has perished on the scaffold or lived on in terror of it was once a child of five. That is a platitude which in such a context as this resembles the decoration of a Christmas tree with midget gibbets, skulls and crossbones. But it is equally true, though not less truistic, concerning that poisoner's judge and jury, and every patriot, man of genius, martyr and saint—of mankind in general".

It naturally occurs that a large number of the children who pass through the book are those known to fame. Mr. de la Mare is not in danger of neglecting those who are not. He is in love with life, not its veils. But to be recorded accessibly is an unusual thing, and implies some share of fame. Some of these children should be better known, Emily Shore for instance. But this is not the place for a rhapsody on Emily Shore. Her select "Journal" is extant, published by Messrs. Kegan Paul in 1891; and probably Mr. de la Mare's notice of it will cause many readers to

hunt for it and see for themselves what *that* Emily was. Somehow Mr. de la Mare's track has not found little Malkin, who is the subject of "A Father's Memoir of his Child" (1806)—a book necessary to enthusiasts for William Blake, but liable to make them forget Blake as they read. Shelley comes quite frequently into this *Early Morning*; and among the illustrations, a capital series, there are two portraits of him by Hoppner—one representing the tiny boy, the other the "young gentleman." Both are delightful; but whence do they come? I imagine they are new to Shelleyans, but there is no accompanying explanation of so unexpected a blessing.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

TOYNBEE HALL: Fifty Years of Social Progress, by J. A. R. Pimlott. With a preface by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Introduction by J. J. Mallon, Warden of Toynbee Hall. *Dent*. 8s. 6d.

THIS History of Toynbee Hall, published in celebration of its Jubilee, has a special interest for me because it is an Oxford foundation and I was at Oxford, *in statu pupillari*, when it was founded, and sat through a memorable debate at the Union which may be said to have inaugurated the New Oxford Movement, of which it was the outcome.

The Aesthetic Movement, inaugurated by Oscar Wilde, was then dying. It was to receive the *coup de grâce* at Magdalen where, after an exuberant bump supper, a prominent æsthete was seized and put under the pump. After that outbreak the path was clear for the progress of that new Movement, launched by earnest men whom Samuel Barnett, of Saint Jude's, Whitechapel, was persuading to come and live in the East End of London and give the East-enders the advantage of intimate association with men of culture. That was the starting-point of the great experiment of which

Mr. Pimlott has written the history with sufficient sympathy, but also in a light and entertaining manner.

It was an experiment which, at the time, aroused almost unanimous enthusiasm. Lord Milner blessed it. The *Oxford University Magazine* sang its praises. The Union resolution commending it was carried without opposition. It numbered among its supporters the present Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Hudson Shaw, who was destined to become the Rector of Saint Botolph's, Billingsgate, and Mr. J. A. Spender and the preliminary spadework done to concentrate undergraduate attention on its ideals would have done credit to the skill of the best of our modern publicity agents.

Such were the beginnings. For the story of the subsequent developments readers must be referred to Mr. Pimlott's pages. He writes as a critic as well as a chronicler. He relates with humour the difficulties at first encountered in establishing relations between the settlers and the natives on a free and easy basis of mutual understanding, and he shows us how, as the times changed, Toynbee Hall changed with them—how the cultural advantages offered were grasped at most eagerly by young men and women of a social status somewhat higher than that of those whom Barnett has originally hoped to benefit; how, after he had ceased to be Warden, the tone of the settlement became less religious and more political; and how it brought the actual Labour leaders from the trade unions into touch with the potential Labour leaders of the future from the Universities, no doubt to their mutual advantage, and with important indirect political effects. His chapter on Toynbee Hall during the difficult days of the war, when it had, for a while, a pacifist for its Warden, is of special interest; but the whole book is worthy of high and hearty commendation.

FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

THE BRONTËS : Their Lives Recorded by their Contemporaries. Compiled with an introduction by E. M. Delafield. *The Hogarth Press.* 8s. 6d.

To compile a contemporary record of the Brontë sisters is to be faced at once by a dominating source of information. Miss Delafield, not hesitating to parcel out Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte*, has found it both an advantage and a handicap. Without its help her compilation must necessarily have lacked all pretensions to a narrative, despite her admirable gleanings from periodicals and forgotten books. The dramas of Emily and Anne, even of Charlotte herself, were played out to a small audience only, and few amongst these were given to taking notes. But Mrs. Gaskell used the figures of Emily and Anne as background to her vision of the greater Charlotte, so that Charlotte is bound to emerge here with her old importance as the successful novelist whose sisters "also wrote".

Miss Delafield has arranged her book in sections, dealing first with the children and early family life, then devoting a section to each of the children who attained maturity. With the Gaskell biography to draw on, Charlotte's share is larger than those of Branwell, Emily and Anne added together. A more serious result for Charlotte, which Miss Delafield deplores in her preface, is that Mrs. Gaskell's "idealistic" or imperfect view of her prevails in the absence of contemporary documents other than Charlotte's own letters to prove her love for M. Héger. "The letters are the Biography", says Miss Delafield; and one may wish she had felt justified in using these particular ones. There is a more direct reference to Charlotte's passion, at one remove from the scope of this biography. Thomas Westwood, writing in 1869, had not met the Brontës, but he did know "M. Paul Emanuel", as he prefers to call him, "grown old and grey-headed, but petulant and

vivacious as of old". "M. Paul" had told Mrs. Westwood's cousin how he "drew out" the friendless Charlotte and won her love, himself content to worship her intellect.

Emily and Anne are portrayed here mainly through Charlotte's letters to W. S. Williams and Ellen Nussey, quoted in Clement Shorter's book on *The Brontës*. These letters show them in two aspects: as the authors of badly-reviewed books, and as brave physical sufferers. Another aspect, curious, childish and most intimate of all, is seen here in the Secret Papers exchanged between the two of them, to be opened after a lapse of years. No turbulent genius bursts the quiet domestic confines of those papers; they give us an Emily indistinguishable from her weaker sister, her vision resting on their birds and animals, bounded by material plans, except where the imagined Gondal Chronicles break through. To construct

A FRENCHMAN WARNS ENGLAND IN BLACK HAND OVER EUROPE

By HENRI POZZI

... under the inspiration of Benes, and the French politicians who share his ideas, they (the ex-Allies) are recommending the encircling of Germany — this encircling which led us to war in 1914 . . . If she (Great Britain) continues her hesitations, unable to choose between a France who cries PEACE, but who harbours war-makers, sadists and oppressors among her followers, and a Germany who has risen strong and defiant from the tomb of Versailles . . . then war will come.

From the preface to the English edition.

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her character from *Wuthering Heights* is to forget this side of her. The untameable moorland lover is pictured in one of Miss Delafield's more adventurous sources—the recollections of the Haworth sexton's son, given in 1868. To show what Mrs. Gaskell and the critics did for Charlotte, he may be quoted: "Miss Emily, who is buried here, besides Charlotte, was the strangest of all the family; nobody thought so much, of Miss Charlotte herself." It is to be noted, too, that in 1850 Sydney Dobell was already reviewing *Wuthering Heights* as "the masterpiece of a poet".

As to Branwell, that same sexton's son considered him "the cleverest of the family. A wonderful talker he was", and could write two different letters at once with a pen in each hand. Branwell's ambition and degeneracy are well brought out in the extracts from his friend Francis Grundy, who believed him to have written *Wuthering Heights*. Here again it is a pity that Miss Delafield has ruled out the self-revelatory letter as a permissible source. Might we not have heard some echo from Branwell's spirited bombardment of *Blackwood's Magazine* with manuscripts? It was his fate to remain unacknowledged, and all the despairing arrogance of the man is in his letters to that silent editor. "SIR, READ NOW AT LEAST", he begs, sending a poem called *Misery*; "CONDEMN NOT UNHEARD". The next year he promises "something, the design of which . . . would be superior to that of any series of articles which has yet appeared. . . . A journey of three hundred miles shall not deter me from . . . a hope of utterance into the open world".

The biography as a whole should please all Brontë lovers. Yet it is doubtful if this method can ever yield a perfect picture. Incidents must go unrecorded, characters and relationships uninterpreted. The latter need has been supplied briefly in Miss Delafield's preface.

SYLVA NORMAN.

TERROR IN THE BALKANS, by Albert Londres, with an appendix by L. Zarine. Constable. 7s. 6d.

BLACK HAND OVER EUROPE, by Henri Pozzi. Mott. 8s. 6d.

THE background to the bewildering set of problems confronting the Prince Regent of Yugoslavia in his general drive to clean up a corrupt administration is vividly portrayed by MM. Londres and Pozzi.

The former in *Terror in the Balkans* gives, novel-fashion, a graphic and dramatic description of events in Macedonia up to the period when IMRO'S clean-up began a few years ago. The description is apt to be a little misleading through the evident admiration with which M. Londres beholds brigandry and its daring. He also fails to give a true picture of the case for the Yugoslav Government. While it is generally admitted that the treatment meted out to the Macedonian minority is a disgrace to any country which has signed a Minority Treaty, the question which should really be asked is: "Who, precisely, is responsible?" This question is never put by the author, who seems bent only on describing the iniquities of Serbian administration in Macedonia in language which often is dangerously exaggerated.

The chief value of the book, however, lies in the author's able presentation of a background to the serious study of Balkan politics, augmented by a comprehensive and impartial summary of the situation as it has developed in the last two years, written in the form of an appendix by L. Zarine, Secretary to the Russian Legation in Serbia from 1912 to 1916 and a man of wide political experience. M. Londres has gone in search of the sensational—and has indeed found it: M. Zarine brings the reader back to the possibility of impartial judgments upon the Yugoslav-Bulgarian rapprochement and the murder of King Alexander at Marseilles.

M. Pozzi's work, a translation of *La Guerre Revient* is of more serious import. But it is gravely marred by exaggeration. The Preface to the English edition contains a number of statements which, as written, are open to rebuttal. (The author claims, for instance, that at the Brod affair in February as many as 35,000 peasants were involved. But persons whose information M. Pozzi would be bound to respect denied that there were more than 2,000!). Such an exaggeration unfortunately stamps the book. Nevertheless, there are a great number of incidents of torture and terrorism so reported in the book as to bear the mark of truth, though the force of the description would be doubled if M. Pozzi could look at the position impartially. He is writing with his blood at the boil (and, indeed, the incidents in question must make any decent person feel similar disgust) but this only leads to his failure to distinguish those responsible for the outrages. There are large bodies of Serb opinion which are as revolted as M. Pozzi at what takes place.

The value of M. Pozzi's book too is enhanced by its illuminating appendices. They contain a most useful summary of the manuscript of a book on the Black Hand left behind him by the unfortunate W. M. Petrovitch, whose mysterious suicide in Soho soon after the Marseilles outrage aroused everybody's curiosity. Here is an interesting light on the Black Hand, later further illuminated by an appendix containing M. Pozzi's account of its gruesome constitution. Finally, an appendix in another part of the book divulges the Secret Protocols of the Balkan Pact. M. Pozzi's word for this is one of authority. He is News Editor for the Balkans for *Le Temps*.

It is a great pity that *Black Hand over Europe* is so marred by the author's prejudices as to ruin its chance of attracting serious and influential attention, for that is what the book deserves,

especially for its information on the subject of this organisation, which is still active, with its agents in every country.

PATRICK MAITLAND.

HIS MAJESTY'S SPEECHES: The Record of the Silver Jubilee, 1935.
King George's Jubilee Trust. 2s.

KING AND PEOPLE, 1910-1935.
The Times Publishing Co. 7s. 6d.

A CORRESPONDENT in India whose realistic sense was provoked by the mechanical celebrations of the Jubilee organized by officials in his district lately wrote to inquire whether the same artificiality marked the celebrations at home. That such a misconception could exist about the most spontaneous outburst of public feeling known in this country since the Armistice was somewhat surprising to another friend just returned from Spain, where the principal newspapers vied in publishing special numbers on the occasion. Loyalty is a word almost as suspect as patriotism, but there is no doubt that the record issued by King George's Jubilee Trust will be welcomed by many subjects of His Majesty, who will seize the opportunity at the same time to assist a cause that is near his heart. The handsome volume gives the texts of the various speeches made by the King and some pictures of the chief ceremonial events that are well worth preserving. Those who have carefully cherished the Jubilee Supplement to *The Times* of May 10th, and perhaps already begun to wonder what they would do with it, will also be glad to know that they can obtain this interesting record in more durable form. The chapters on the various features of the King's reign are supplemented by a full diary of the reign which has value for reference purposes.

H. R. W.

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July, 1935

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SELECTED FICTION

JOBBER SKALD, by John Cowper Powys. *Bodley Head*. 8s. 6d.

THE JURY, by Gerald Bullett. *Dent*. 7s. 6d.

THE SEVEN ARMS, by L. A. G. Strong. *Gollancz*. 7s. 6d.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF CLEOPATRA, by Mary Butts. *Heinemann*. 7s. 6d.

SOME of us are satisfied with the novel as pure story, private theatre-show to pass an empty hour. Some of us are not, feeling the world to be already overfull of a number of *fictions* born more of commercial demand than authentic inspiration. The novel above all other literary forms, it has been suggested, has "the potentiality of revealing the whole history of man, his emotions, his passions, his longings, ordered or disordered, tutored or untutored, good or bad," and it cannot rise to its highest possibility, it cannot really demand critical attention, save as it takes upon itself something of the responsibility of that potentiality.

That is why, whether one will or not, one is forced to set Mr. Powys's book before any of the other three. It is not that they are rightly to be dismissed as commercial products. Still less is it that *Jobber Skald* is to be praised as a perfect work. Far from it! The narrative is in fact longwinded (some 600 large pages), disproportionate, sometimes tedious, sometimes quite incredible, sometimes merely fantastic. It wriggles and rambles around a very loosely jointed group of individuals in a seaside town strongly resembling Weymouth, swaying this way and that in a kind of wild dance of its own, creating situations and then wilfully turning its back on their development, and at last coming to an abrupt end—or breaking-off—without

having got anywhere in particular. Its characters are misers, mystics and madmen (or women), most of them open or secret sensualists and some of them sadists or masochists; scarcely one sustains more than momentarily a common human normality. And yet with all its grotesquerie, its perversity, its flim-flam, it has a curious, dynamic, hypnotic power quite lacking in the other works here reviewed. Though the fight goes on largely in a fog, one does perceive Mr. Powys to be in some sense wrestling to draw forth vital revelation of dark human mysteries. He succumbs too much to the lure of his own particular psychoses—described in that most interesting of all his books, his *Autobiography*—and to the error of over-universalizing them, nevertheless he does create an elemental world wherein one may encounter at least the shadows of principalities and powers and those urgent indifferent forces which eternally shape universal being. Distorted shadows perhaps, yet of profound realities! And the prose which evokes them, if disconcertingly uneven, can be at times magnificent.

I think I should record my opinion that Mr. Gerald Bullett has at least once written a novel of the same *order* as Mr. Powys's, though utterly different in texture and content; that was *The Quick and the Dead*, published in 1933. In *The Jury* he does nothing of the sort, presenting rather a straightforward novel (straightforward in one sense, though very involved in another) which walks throughout with its feet on solid earth in the clear sunshine of everyday. In that category—the category of surfaces, which does not of course exclude psychological analysis—he has produced an excellent and at-

tractive story, whose central incident is the trial of a man for the murder of his wife and the deliberations and thoughts of the jury which precede their verdict. But first he shows us the man and his wife in their daily life, and members of the jury too going their varied disparate roads. He has always had a gift for creating and presenting convincing characters, and here he allows himself the utmost opportunity to exercise it. In the wife he gives a portrait of a really quite charming and utterly murderable woman, drawn in fact so well as such that the reader must accept rather than whole-heartedly believe in her last-minute change of feeling. As an example of what Mr. Bullett can do in short space, note the emergence as personality of Elizabeth, the husband's mistress, in her few brief pages in the witness-box. A novel, certainly, of many qualities—failing only perhaps in its final (or is it the primary?) one of vision!

That equally must be the verdict upon Mr. Strong's *The Seven Arms*, a story of West Highland life in the early nineteenth century, its heroine a strong-willed young woman so passionately devoted to her gamekeeper uncle that when he enlisted to go to fight Napoleon she followed him abroad and on to the very battlefields, returning only when he was invalided home minus a leg and

somehow strangely diminished in her regard. Yet it was a lame man she married, though he shared few of her previous idol's other qualities, and she gave her child her uncle's name. Thereafter, having battled in very fact to the death with her despicable husband, she lived on to become the district's most signal character, dying at last and finding burial after a fashion fitting her reputation. It is all done, every detail of it, with an impressive competence, in a prose always sound and sometimes fine, and yet one reader at least could never shake off a feeling of its total irrelevance, as of something seen in the newspaper, recorded because it chanced to have happened. Jeanie McInnes seems a symbol not of any significance in life, but of futility. She remains, like Mr. Bullett's characters, particular, not reaching out to universals.

There are moments in Miss Mary Butt's chronicle of Cleopatra when it does seem reaching toward wider potentialities, but the aspiration never attains really effective fulfilment. The book follows the Mitchison-Lindsay school of ancient-history-in-modern-terms, and, though perhaps Miss Butts will not care for the ascription, takes on at times the very tones of its progenitor, Mr. Bernard Shaw. ("‘Dear me,’ said Julius on his yacht, making brisk time for Pharos; ‘I wonder what they are up to this time.’”) But it remains a little too much history and too little novel; save for a few pages towards the end, with Cleopatra, she does not get inside her characters as even Shaw, for all her scorn, did with Cæsar. The principal episodes are the murder of Pompey—as effective a scene as any—the meeting of Cæsar and Cleopatra, her stay in Rome until his assassination, and her eventual union with Anthony. The story is mainly notable for its relatively novel view of Cleopatra, who was after all, as it insists, Greek not Egyptian.

Geoffrey West.

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